FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

ALL H.J. MULLINER BODIES ARE FITTED THROUGHOUT WITH "TripleX"

THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 18, 1939
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVI No. 2039 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 18 1939

ROSS'S *Belfast Ginger Ale*

When you have work to do, its sparkle will keep you fresh, and the addition of a little good brandy or whisky will help you enjoy your leisure.

Selsdon Park Hotel

Sanderstead, Surrey, England.
Telephone: Sanderstead 2001.
Half-an-hour from the City and West End yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Full en pension with free service to Station; billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, magnificent solarium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

WINTER TERMS REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in standard
Illustrated brochure free on request.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

Louis Roederer,
Reims.

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

CHAMPAGNE

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

ROYAL BATH HOTEL

'PHONE BOURNEMOUTH 5555
SUPREME IN THE SOUTH

With Ginger Ale it's Grand

LEMON HART RUM

Try this Cocktail
SAVOY SPECIAL
¾ LEMON HART RUM
¼ Italian Vermouth
Two dashes Grenadine & squeeze of lemon
As served at the famous Savoy Cocktail Bar.

FAMOUS SINCE 1804

1,165

poor boys and girls are in the Society's care. Will you help to maintain and train this large family?

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(FOUNDED 1843.)
ROOM 6, 164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

BY APPOINTMENT

Henry Heath Ltd

105/9 Oxford Street

172 New Bond St W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 1249. Fur felt with stitched ends through crown. In all fashionable colours, 21/9. Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue.

For FACE & HANDS

From the very first day you start to use Larola and Larola Soap your skin will acquire a new and lasting beauty. Harsh weather will have no terrors for *you*. Before and after exposure to cold atmosphere, wash with Larola Soap, then massage a little Larola into the face and hands. Nothing you have ever tried will act so quickly—the soothing, stimulating and penetrating properties of Larola immediately make tender, roughened skin feel better and look better. Larola Soap, made to a special formula, is super-fatted and guaranteed to be perfectly pure and free from all caustic alkali. It is highly beneficial to the sensitive skin tissues and ideal for toilet and nursery use.

Write for a free copy of the interesting Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty"

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

Larola

Larola Soap : Boxes of 3 tablets, 2/- *Single tablets,* 8d.

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from :

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Let's see!

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1929–1936

ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS

Obtainable at all Electrical Suppliers

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., 155, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2

L.355

NOTABLE NUMBERS

BISHOP HOOPER'S LODGING, 103, WESTGATE ST., GLOUCESTER. An excellent example of half-timber construction dating from early 17th century.

In the cigarette world another number with definite associations is Player's No. 3. Exquisitely cool and mellow in smoking, the choice Virginia leaf used in manufacture ensures that little extra quality which always appeals to the discerning smoker.

PLAYER'S No. 3 are supplied either plain or cork-tipped so ask for which you prefer.

PLAYER'S

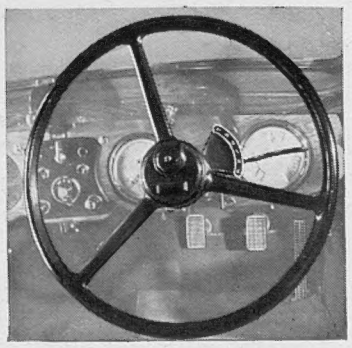
NUMBER 3

EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

3.855

'Does this traffic driving worry you?'



1 MOVEMENT INSTEAD OF 4

OLD WAY . . . *For every stop you 1. brake, 2. declutch, 3. move gear lever into neutral, 4. release clutch. For every start you 1. declutch, 2. go into gear, 3. let in clutch, 4. accelerate.*

DAIMLER WAY . . . *To stop you BRAKE (engine idles in gear). To start you ACCELERATE (Daimler glides smoothly off).*

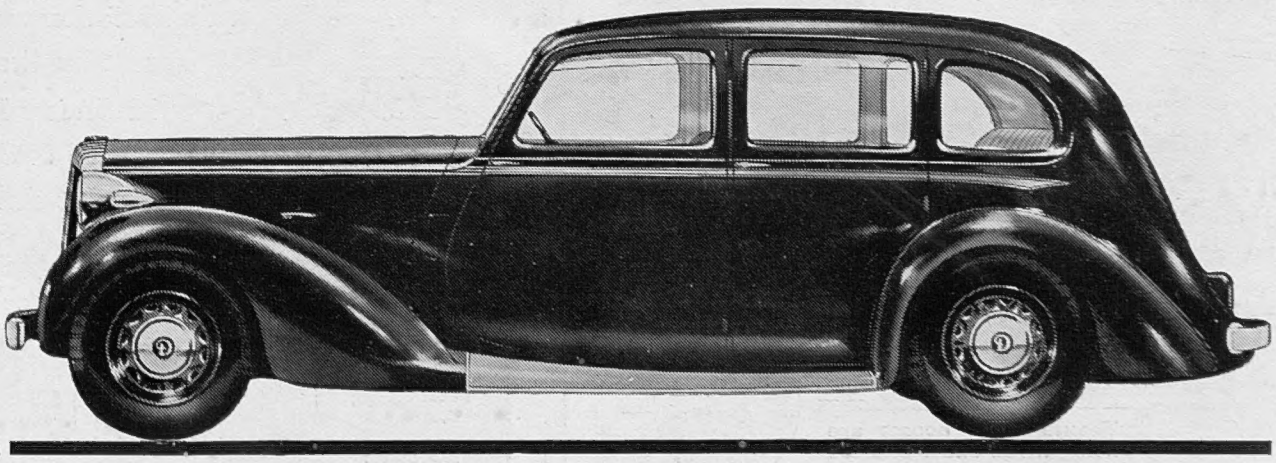
Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission is licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

'Hot with this new Daimler 15!'

HERE is the answer to all your driving worries—a car that makes traffic driving 4 times easier. Clutch and gear lever are forgotten, stop or start needs only one movement instead of four! It's not magic—just the wonderful Daimler 'fluid flywheel,' new to *you* perhaps, but tried and proved by Daimler owners for over 7 years. And with its powerful new engine and independent front wheel springing this Daimler is perfect for *travel* as well as traffic. Surging acceleration up to 75, superb riding steadiness, luxurious comfort—thrilling or restful, as your mood demands.

SIX-LIGHT SALOON *(as illustrated)* OR SPORTS SALOON. *Both with the powerful new 2½-Litre engine . .* **£485**

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE LATE KING GEORGE V

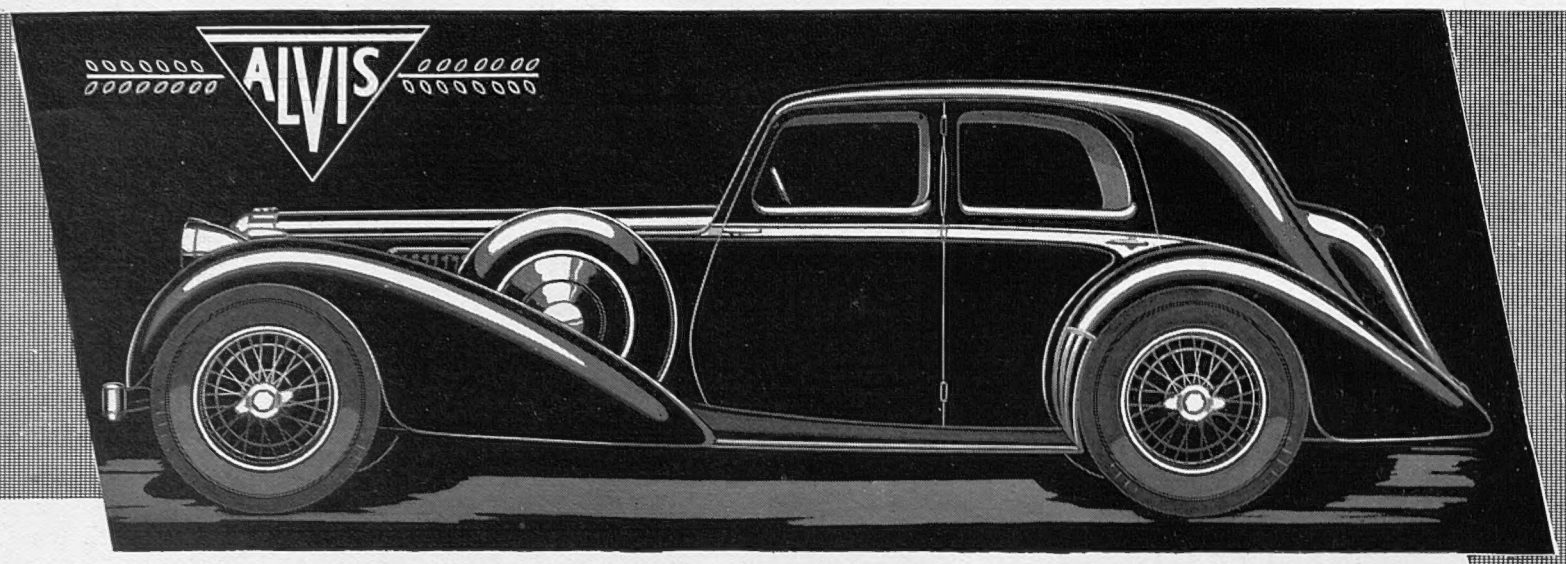


BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER

2½ LITRE Daimler FIFTEEN

ends your driving worries

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY. LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: STRATSTONE, 27 PALL MALL AND 40 BERKELEY STREET



WHAT YOU BUY IN AN ALVIS . . .

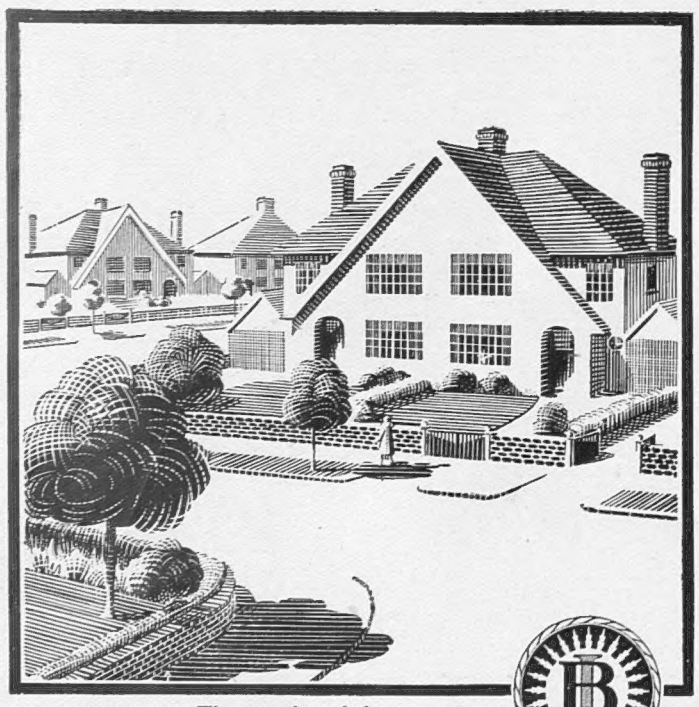
A chassis bristling with patented features—recognized as a masterpiece of scientific automobile engineering.

The most advanced and perfected form of independent front wheel springing and steering, and an all-silent all synchro-mesh gear box, admitted the best in the world.

Impeccable and lasting high speed performance, and body-work which exemplifies the finest of British coach craftsmanship. There are other cars, but none so good as the inaudible ALVIS.

The
INAUDIBLE
ALVIS
SPEED 25 — TYPE H.S.
4-DOOR SALOON *(as illustrated)* £885

ALVIS LIMITED, COVENTRY · LONDON SHOWROOMS: 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1 WHItehall 8506



Thousands of houses are being wired under assisted wiring schemes by corporations and electricity companies, and, in the majority of cases, one of the B.I. Wiring Systems is chosen as the most efficient for this work. Write for booklet with particulars of B.I. Wiring Systems suitable for every type of contract.

B.I. WIRING SYSTEMS
BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LIMITED, PRESCOT, LANCS.

50 YEARS
OF
CRUISING

In 1889 the GARONNE sailed on the first Orient Line Cruise

In 1939 there will be seventeen Cruises

11 Cruises by
ORCADES & ORION
carrying 1st class only
6 Cruises by ORFORD
carrying 1st and Tourist Class

ORIENT LINE
Cruises

Please write or call or telephone for priced plans and particulars
Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, and No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. Telephones: MAN 3456, WHI 6981, TEM 2258 or Principal Agents

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 18, 1939

POPE PIUS XI LIES IN STATE

The Impressive Scene in St. Peter's Following the Pontiff's Death: The Whole Roman Catholic World Mourns a Courageous Leader

The passing of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, 261st in the long line of Roman Pontiffs, removes from the world scene a courageous leader in temporal and spiritual affairs; one who made his mark as a statesman by concluding the Lateran Treaties that brought about the long-deferred reconciliation between Vatican and Quirinal; and one who will never be forgotten for the high faith that inspired him in his closing days to be boldly outspoken against the political forces opposing and oppressing the Church. His Holiness died at 5.31 on the morning of February 10, within 48 hours of the seventeenth anniversary of his Coronation and the tenth anniversary of the Lateran Treaties. At about four in the afternoon of the same day the body was taken in procession to the Sistine Chapel and placed on a high catafalque draped in red and gold, there to remain with Vatican guards keeping vigil and the darkness only illumined by the light of candles. Thereafter the crowd filed slowly by. "The priests as they came up," wrote a *Times* correspondent, "gave their rosaries to a priest in attendance, who stepped to the catafalque and allowed the beads to touch the dead Pope's hands before handing them back to their owners. It was noticed that as the crowd issued from the Chapel, most of its members bore smiling faces and seemed content at the thought that the Holy Father had been released from his troubles and had passed from this world." (*See also* pages 228, 229 and 230)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

DEFENDERS OF LONDON: Members of the light anti-aircraft batteries of the London Territorial Army anti-aircraft reserve gave up their free time last Sunday and went down to Lydd, Kent, where soldiers of the Regular Army gave them gunnery instruction. As an aid to marksmanship they employed tracer bullets when firing

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, February 15, 1939.

THOUGHTS ON "AN IMPROVED SITUATION."—

The impression has grown in the last days that the situation is easier and even clearer than in black January. Led by the Sunday pundits, public opinion has indeed taken a more hopeful turn. Hitler's speech did from the first persuade me, as I indicated, that the logic of economic facts rules alike dictator and democratic leaders. We believed that Hitler's drive to increase his country's exports is now a vital and urgent national necessity and it is moonshine to suppose that it can succeed exceptionally while Europe is kept dancing on the crater-edge of war. War and rumour of war to-day (as Hitler and Mussolini see) is hitting the totalitarian states every bit as hard as the democracies. What may pay for political coups is the death and murder of trade drives. But for that hideous party and Press treachery in the U.S., the position after Hitler's speech must in logic have eased instantly. That monstrous action held things back and increased world bitterness and distrust. But it may be forgotten, memory is short. What will not soon be forgotten is the realisation of the price which in times of trouble democracy pays for its cherished ideal of freedom of speech and opinion. If half the Press and half the politicians (the heady, untrustworthy half) had been muzzled since 1920, I believe Europe would to-day be half-way to pacification, and disarmament in some degree achieved. Ever since the Treaty of Versailles, a cardinal fact and vital irritant has been disregarded and that is the vulnerability to criticism of the self-made rulers of the dictator countries. Peace to-day depends on the character and frailties of a score of individuals—those who most wish for peace have consistently trampled on the delicate toes of this score of individuals. For nearly a year the world has lived in a nightmare of unreality. It is small wonder if trade and initiative stand still. We sway on the crater's edge. One unfavourable twitch and over goes every existing standard by which we measure our civilisation and conduct our lives. If there be world war, the remnant that remain must build up life again from the egg. The whole structure of human life will tumble, good or bad, good and bad. I sometimes think of (say) life at Eton to-day, of people at hunt balls in the shires, of international polo and the keen anxiety about super polo-ponies, of capitalism and country houses, of pheasant shooting and art exhibitions, of housing schemes and public education, of safety in mines. We are on the crater's edge. To-morrow those who survive may be cave-men, scrabbling for roots. Is it logical that this mass madness—95 per cent. of humanity praying for peace and 5 per cent. toying with war suicide—can last much longer? I feel it is neither logical nor likely, and I believe the dictators are tumbling to the truth. If half the talkers and writers could be muzzled, the truth would the sooner prevail.

THE PLEDGE TO FRANCE.

—The Premier told France in plain words what everyone in Britain and the Government in France has long understood to be the position in the Entente. There is now no doubt in Europe as to what the Entente means. We have said no more than Germany and Italy repeatedly confirm as to the meaning of the Axis, and when their leaders speak, it is not claimed to be an aggressive declaration. Neither was Mr. Chamberlain's. All he has done is to scotch one of the favourite theories of "inspired" leader writers in Italy and Germany who seek to drive a wedge into the Entente. If France is attacked, we do not discriminate. We go to her aid by every means and she does the same by us. The Entente was always somewhat fluid, even in 1914. Its fluidity was said at the time to have hastened the world war. It is far more precise now. Perhaps that fact may help to avert or postpone another world war. There is indeed to-day reason enough for a slight return of confidence. The dictators need it every bit as much as the democracies. The world, which shudders at the thought of war, hungers for some sense of security. Time is on the side of the peace-lovers who represent 95 per cent. of civilisation, because in the end the will of the majority prevails.

IN SPAIN.

—It was barely a week after the Prime Minister of Government Spain broadcast from Figueras his confident prediction that 100,000 of his troops, once more well supplied with arms, would hold the rest of Catalonia without difficulty . . . that Catalonia fell completely into Franco's hands, the Government had flown to France or Madrid and the army, dispirited and beaten, had laid down its arms in France or Spain. Probably that stands as a record in the frailty of prophecy. And what now? Can Madrid hold out, as it has so long held out, now that all Franco's forces can be concentrated on that goal? It does not seem likely. What boots it then to struggle on, adding new miseries, new destruction, thousands more deaths, to the catalogue of tragedies in this civil war? Humanity cries aloud for an end and a pacification. Yet, it seems that the end of the civil war may be only the beginning of the worst dangers which Spain can bring to Europe. Mussolini has declared that Italian troops will not be withdrawn until Franco's victory is complete. And if and when Franco has gained the whole bag of tricks, what then? Will Italy leave Spain to herself until the political victory is won as well as the victory of armed force? Humanity cries out for an end to the civil war, but the cautious dread the end and hanker after a further breathing-space, precarious as it is. Yet here, too, the situation is not without hope that the worst fears may prove liars. There is to be no bitter blockade of Minorca as was predicted; and the almost comic "illogic" of Italian and German resentment and suspicion of the Entente's humane efforts at negotiation with Franco must in time strike the dictators and give them pause. For here are both offering to Franco the very thing which the dictators have so long girded at them for withholding!

A GRACEFUL GESTURE: Five-year-old Andrew Hills, who is seen here with his young cousin, is to receive the baronetcy which would have been conferred upon his father, Major Hills, had he not died just before the publication of the New Year's Honours List. At the same time Mrs. Hills is granted the "style, title, place, and precedence" of the widow of a baronet. Major Hills was at one time Financial Secretary to the Treasury. The new Lady Hills is quite well known as a novelist

"DICTATORS ARE FUNNY."

—It has not been *our* experience of late years, but if it came to be generally accepted that dictators are funny, it would mean that a sense of permanence and security *had* returned to this sad world. Charlie Chaplin is no longer a boy. Can he still work miracles? He has made us laugh often and cry sometimes. Can he make us feel secure? It is not impossible. A song—once—laughed away a royal dynasty. Did not Lillibullero? An opera did much the same in the same way with the Capets. May not a film waft away on a world-wave of Homeric laughter the nightmare of dictatorship and the mass madness of civilisation? Charlie says the story of his new film is concerned with dictators, but designed to make us laugh. Here's a paradox, an oxymoron. Charlie goes on: "The present political situation, as it applies to this type of ruler, makes an exceptional vehicle for comedy." Well, perhaps, if you live in the Antarctic or the Middle West. "People with too much dignity and too much power are always in the end mere targets for ridicule." O Lord, how long? The new film cannot hope to be released until autumn—and dictators never make war till harvest's in. How I wish that it was to-morrow's première. I have grown grey with Chaplin and I believe in him. I am not sure his film might not do what the song and the opera did, and much more. But how to get it

ALEX HENSHAW "ON THE AIR" —Cape-Gravesend airman, who last easily improving on the times made Mrs. Kirby-Green, facing a television an account of his aerial adventure father, used the same Percival De Havilland Gipsy-six engine,

into those countries where it is most needed, if its work is to be accomplished?

B.B.C. NEWS PESSIMISM.

—I have to apologise to those who wrote to me with such warm approval in reference to my temperate attack on the gloom and pessimism of the nine o'clock news bulletin. I have had so many such letters that I cannot answer them individually. Only once before have I received such an avalanche of letters, that was eight years ago when I whispered about a new cooking-range which was to (and did) make the housewife happy. In all these letters about B.B.C. pessimism there was complete unanimity. A week after I raised the matter in the "Newsletter," *The Times* began a symposium on the same topic. In *The Times* there seems to be one defender to every half-dozen critics of the B.B.C.'s nine o'clock news service. In my correspondence I have not to date found one single defender of its catalogue of gloom and rumour. Some attribute the dreary record of crises, panic rumours and foreign press-hate to "sinister influences at work." There I cannot agree. I regard the B.B.C. as utterly above sinister influences, but not above making and continuing a sad mistake. All news-giving, whether in the press or on the radio, is a matter of selection and arrangement. It is ridiculous to claim that the B.B.C. gives us the truth, and that if the truth be wholly bad it is not the B.B.C.'s fault. Gayda's ultimatums and insults, and rumours of mobilisations "which are not yet confirmed," are no more the essential truth in the day's news than is a rumour on the Stock Exchange in a panic session. And if they *were*, that is no reason why these items of woe should not be balanced by items of constructive achievement elsewhere. It is incredible to me that the New Broom at the B.B.C. has suffered this infliction at nine o'clock to continue so long, and the voice of the Jeremiah—which sadly needs a rest—to send Britain miserably to bed night after night.

By

The Old Stager

BRAMSHILL AND DEER.—

Lord Brocket who recently bought from the Cope family that grand old house, Bramshill—one of the two or three chief claimants to the honour of the Mistletoe Bough legend—is to restock the park with deer. Now on paper that is all very well. Lord Brocket, if any, should have deer about him, and Bramshill was built for such park luxuries. But, it is said, the deer are to be allowed to "roam among the heather and woodlands." Even if that be a lie, even if there be a deer enclosure, the chance of keeping the herd inside and intact is not good. A deer fence is both ugly and terribly expensive. Lord Pirrie achieved the ugly thing at Witley and inconvenienced himself and the neighbourhood nearby. The deer escape both from Cowdray and Petworth and do any amount of damage to farms and gardens. Only recently I saw three park deer with big heads close to the Portsmouth Road near Liphook. In this area the roe deer, too, are on the increase and the combined ravages of roe and park deer last year lashed the local farmers to fury, with the result that they combined in a monster shoot and, I believe, accounted for about thirty. One can't complain when they shoot marauding park renegades, but I hate the killing of the native-bred roe, greedy as they are for garden produce. They ate all my strawberries last summer but I forgave most of them and only shot one old buck *pour encourager les autres*. I love the roe because they are wild. They had nearly died out in England in the seventeenth century and were re-introduced into Wolmer forest in Queen Anne's time. Since then they just held their own and are now on the upgrade. But park deer are another matter. I should hate the old deer parks to be depopulated, but a restocking is another matter. If Lord Brocket turns out a herd to roam at will, there will in no time be guns *and* (military) rifles cracking round Bramshill, with infinite danger to human life, and there will be no need for Lord Brocket's keepers to thin the deer annually. Bramshill is a very small estate to-day, not much above 500 acres, I believe.

CARDINAL HINSLEY LEAVES FOR ROME: The Archbishop of Westminster (right) pictured on the platform at Victoria Station as he set out last Monday to attend the obsequies of Pope Pius XI and the subsequent Conclave at which the new Pope will be chosen. On the left is Monsignor Godfrey, the Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, who will sing a solemn Requiem Mass for the Pope at Westminster Cathedral on Tuesday, February 21

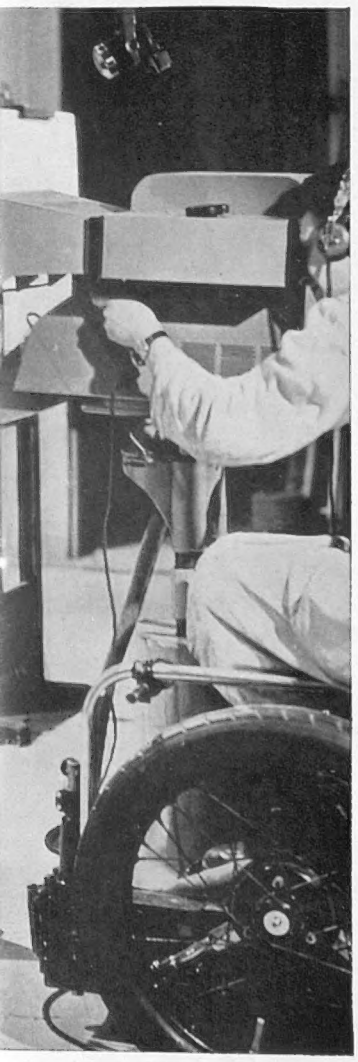
MR. DE VALERA AND I.R.A.—

How right was Mr. de Valera to take strong and urgent measures against the I.R.A. thugs. Their activities could only bring disrepute on his own administration of Eire. He must naturally now desire that but one voice, and that with authority and a constitutionally controlled pitch, should voice the aspirations and the remaining grievances of Eire. He knows, and frankly declared, that hatred of Britain is a dead letter; the ancient feud has died and only thugs and crétins flog the dead donkey for lack of something better to do. Every bomb exploded has hit first and hardest the good name of Eire and its people, the reputation of its government and the purity of its ideals.

"HIS MOTTO WAS 'THE PEACE OF CHRIST IN THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST,'" said Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, as he delivered a moving tribute to the late Pope Pius XI at a children's service at Westminster Cathedral. If at the forthcoming Conclave a non-Italian Pope should be considered for election Cardinal Hinsley is regarded as having a possible chance. An article on the various candidates appears on page 228 of this issue of "The Sphere"

TALKS WITH A BILLETING OFFICER.

—Billeting Officer: I am taking your goodwill and wish to help for granted. Householder: Yes, you safely may. B.O.: I understand you have fifteen habitable rooms. H.: Well, let that pass; we will call a box room with a naked bedstead in it and a bathroom-dressing room habitable. B.O.: Your present household is ten. Shall we put you down for five children? H.: You will satisfy my wife about domestic doubts, *e.g.*, do we supply sheets, where do the children go to school, by what means of transport, is it our duty to buy plate and cooking utensils for the extra guests, etc., etc.? Let us, you and me, talk brass-tacks for a moment. B.O.: By all means. H.: How do you suppose we are placed here for water, light, drainage, and staff? B.O.: Well, I suppose you have water and light laid on, and surely your drains are all right, and I see you employ four servants. H.: Listen. These blessings are ours indeed at a price and by constant labour in *peace time*. In war they all *vanish*. B.O.: Vanish? H.: Yes. Our water is drawn from a 200-ft. well of moderate capacity by a double pump worked by a crude oil engine. The engine is hard to start up. Our gardener, a young man who has *volunteered*, can just manage to work it. Our electricity is made by another crude oil engine, by the same means. When war comes, gardener and myself leave home for our war stations. And even if we could get someone to replace us, could we get supplies of crude oil? Our drainage system is barely adequate for a household of ten and needs constant supervision. Our servants are foreigners, most of them are already due for return to Germany. The others, pace last crisis, will flit when the trouble begins. My wife is earmarked for Red Cross work and has besides three infant children to do for. The day the evacuated children arrive, that day this house will be just a roof and nothing else. English girls, as you know, prefer to draw the dole or make munitions rather than take domestic service, and our government smiles on this practice. B.O.: But, surely . . . H. (bitterly): Surely your billeting scheme is just peace-time moonshine; it is a paper scheme to comfort the Government. In war and in practice it won't and can't work under local conditions. The Government knows nothing of local conditions. Because we pay high rates we are assumed to receive local government benefits and to be linked with public utility amenities. It would astonish the Ministry of Health, etc., to learn that here in crowded Sussex we live as our great-grandfathers lived. Fancy choosing as a major evacuation area a part of the country where electricity and water supplies are still in the stage of the 1890's! B.O.: Then you feel. . . . H.: No, no. The will to serve is here. Let us take five, or say six, children. I have seen war before, and you may take it from me that pre-war plans never work. When the war comes we all must learn *ab initio* and by bitter experience. Your billeting scheme will in the first few weeks of war be adjusted with cruel discomfort to all concerned to meet the necessities and facts which you have not foreseen. B.O.: Right. Six children. (Writes "Six children.")



GAIN: The record-breaking Gravesend eek did the round trip in 106 hours, 1937 by Flying Officer Clouston and mera at Alexandra Palace when giving enshaw, who was taught to fly by his ew Gull single-seater, fitted with a hich he won the 1938 King's Cup

THE CONQUEST OF CATALONIA: A Camera Record of th Placed Another Vast Trac

The Fall of Gerona:

A TOWN OF MANY SIEGES: A party of insurgent troopers entering Gerona after it fell last week during General Franco's final northward drive towards the Pyrenean border. In its eventful history Gerona has seen much fighting, and its citizens still boast proudly of how the place defied for seven months in 1809 a French army under Augerau. It only surrendered when food and ammunition were exhausted

A THRONGED STREET IN GERONA following the fall of this key tow churches and quaint narro heavy artillery fire, while furthe

Franco's Army at the Frontier:

INSURGENT TROOPS ARRIVE AT LE PERTHUS: Falangist supporters of General Franco pictured as they reached this Pyrenean frontier post and thus ended their big drive through Catalonia. *Above on left*—Climbing a telegraph pole to set up the Franco flag

FRONTIER MEETING: General Solchaga (left), commander of the first insurgent troops to reach the Pyrenean border, exchanging greetings with General Falgas of the French Army

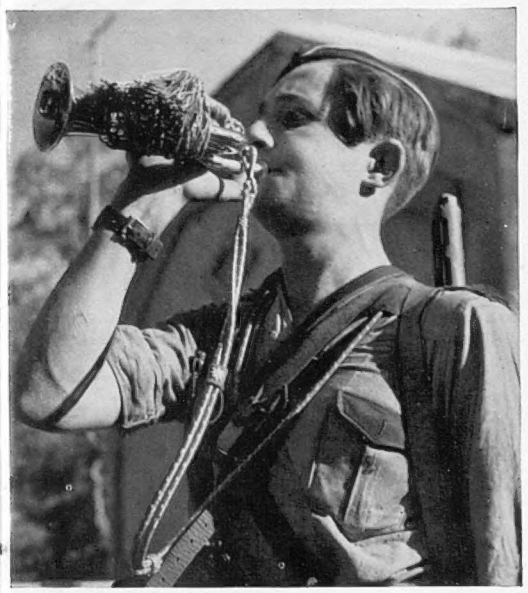
The Refugee Problem:

IN A PYRENEAN CONCENTRATION CAMP: Spanish civilians and soldiers behind the barbed-wire entanglements of their camp near Le Perthus. With the end of the Catalan struggle the French authorities have been faced with the task of adapting to a longer period the measures improvised for the accommodation of the 250,000 or more refugees. To a certain extent the problem of the militiamen is solving itself. More and more of them have been expressing a wish to be sent to insurgent Spain

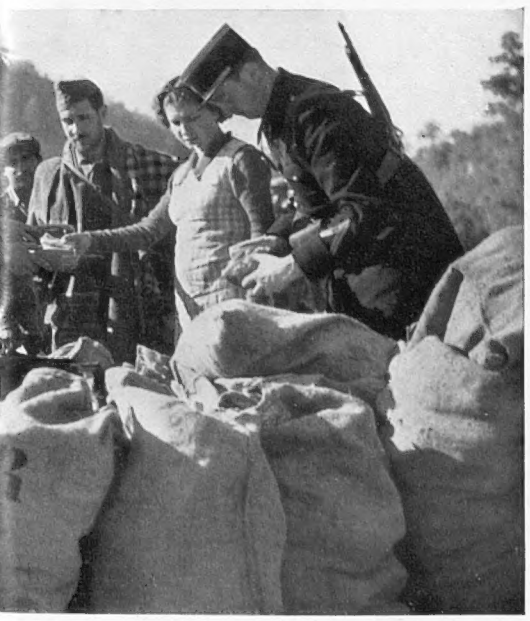
READY TO BE REPATRIATED: Republican forces during the concentration camps on the separated from the interned Franco have now been re

Last Stages of a Campaign that has of Spain under General Franco

General Franco's troops mingling with the citizens of Northern Catalonia. Gerona is noted for its fine thoroughfares. Before its capture the place was under very damage was done by the retreating Republican forces



A TRUMPETER'S PÆAN: Proclaiming the arrival of the insurgent troops on the Pyrenean frontier, an event that marked another step forward in General Franco's conquest of the peninsula

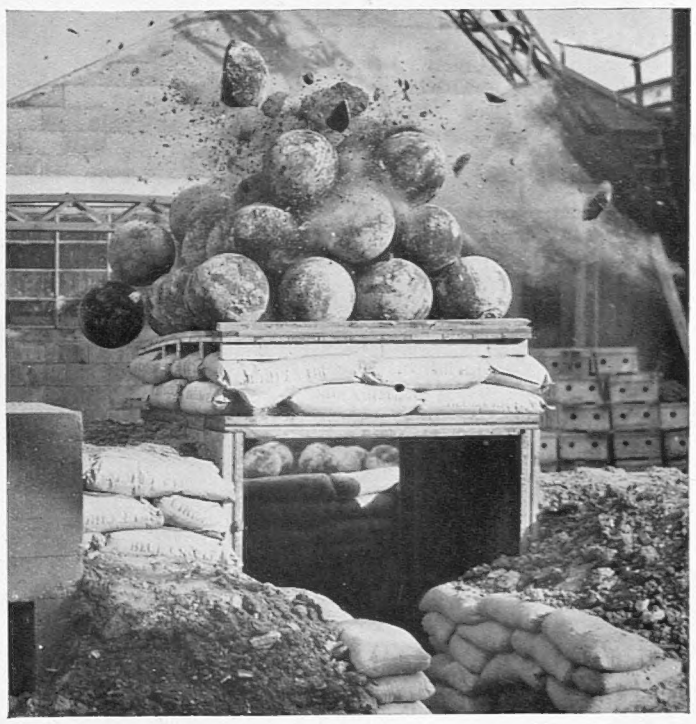


Insurgent troops, who were captured by the Spanish Catalonian campaign, receiving rations at one of the French side of the frontier, where they were naturally Republicans. Most of these supporters of General turned to Spain. They may still see further fighting

TESTING TIME FOR A.R.P. EQUIPMENT

Protective Shelters and Other Devices Tried Out Under War-Time Conditions

NO HALF-MEASURES were employed in trying out these new-type, portable, steel air-raid shelters which are intended for the use of key personnel during air raids. Three of these bell-like structures were placed beneath a wall of a Birmingham factory which was being demolished and, *as depicted on left*, the wall was allowed to crash directly down on to them. One of the shelters is seen (*on right*) after the experiment. No one was inside at the time



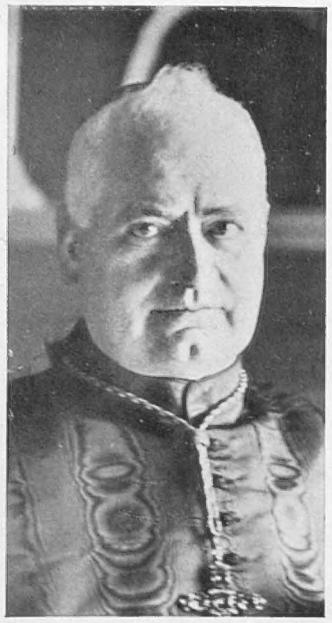
CAN BOMBS BE DEFLECTED? This is a new line of inquiry being pursued by those interested in A.R.P. and to this end the firm of Concrete, Ltd., recently carried out a series of experiments at their Hounslow works, representatives of the Home Office and other departments being among the witnesses. *On the left* a dummy bomb is shown crashing through the roof of a model building, and *on the right* it is seen how the same type of bomb is deflected by hitting a pyramid of concrete balls placed above a shelter. The bomb thus loses a large proportion of its energy and the damage is consequently minimised. Whether the scheme is really practicable as yet remains to be seen

STEEL VERSUS HIGH EXPLOSIVE: In order to test the air-raid shelters now being made by the Government for the protection of persons living in non-basement houses, a 500-lb. bomb was exploded on the experimental ranges at Shoeburyness. The bomb was placed close to a brick building (*seen above on left specially erected for the occasion*) with its nose buried in the ground, and *on left* is an impression of the explosion. The shelters, however, remained intact and (*above*) a man is shown crawling out of one of them. They were sunk 3 ft. into the ground and covered with layers of earth

CANDIDATES FOR THE PAPAL THRONE

CARDINAL SCHUSTER: *Archbishop of Milan, and one of the leading ten Italian Cardinals. He was elected a Cardinal in 1929*

CARDINAL MARCHETTI-SELVAGGIANI: *Archbishop of St. John Lateran and Grand Chancellor of the Rome Seminary*



CARDINAL MAGLIONE *has achieved distinction as Nuncio to France. A member of the Supreme Tribunal of the Abostolic Signature*

CARDINAL PACELLI, *Papal Secretary of State, who is the head of the College of Cardinals during the present "interregnum"*

CARDINAL NASALLI-ROCCA *is the Archbishop of Bologna and also Dean of the Masters of Ceremonies and Staff in Vatican City*

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE CARDINALS:

A Survey from Rome of Members of the Sacred College Whose Outstanding Qualities Fit Them for the Highest Office in the Roman Catholic Church

By Lady Drummond Hay

ROME, FEBRUARY 13

THE passing of the greatly revered and sincerely beloved Pope Pius XI threatens to precipitate one of the gravest crises in the long history of the Roman Catholic Church. That is nothing less than the steady encroachment of the anti-Church movements, Fascism, National Socialism and the atheistic forces of Communism.

With every faltering of the heart of the eighty-one-year-old Vicar of Christ during these many months, there descended upon Vatican City an atmosphere of gloom, apprehension and deep concern for the future of the Church—in power, influence, organisation and membership, the greatest spiritual structure on this earth. No fewer than 355,000,000 men, women and children throughout the world look to the Pope in Rome for their spiritual guidance. This does not include the 144,000,000 members of the Greek Orthodox Catholic faith.

Every time I visited St. Peter's here in Rome, I sensed the profound anxiety in Vatican City, as indeed you would have done, even if previously unaware of its existence. It was in the very air. Although the state of ill-health and recurrent weakness of the Holy Father augured the nearing end, it came as a shock. The Pope died at 5.31 a.m., and an hour later a friend in high Vatican circles telephoned me the news. The waiter who brought my tea, and the maid would not believe it. "It cannot be true," they said, "he was such a good man." But as in the stillness of the early morning's eerie silence unbroken by the customary church-bells and carillons, Italian flags were hoisted half-mast, they returned with "It is all too true—*che peccato! che peccato!*" and turned heel.

The College of Cardinals will meet every day now for twenty days, that is, until the Conclave of the Sacred College of Cardinals gathers to confront the problem as to whether its members should once again elect an Italian Pontiff or choose a foreign Pope to lead, guide and direct the Church through the stormy period of the world's spiritual, political and intellectual turmoil which began with the rise of Fascism, Nazism and Communism. All the Popes have been Italian since 1591, when Innocent IX ascended the throne.

Theoretically, any one of the sixty-four Cardinals, thirty-five Italians and twenty-nine foreigners, comprising the Sacred College, are eligible for elevation to the papal throne. In fact, however, choice of a new Pope is generally limited to one of the "papabili"—those Cardinals who have special services or remarkable qualities to their credit. This time there has been some talk that Bishops as well as Cardinals may be admitted to participate in the Conclave, and that possibly a papal bull will be released to authorise this.

Italian or foreigner, it is imperative to the harassed Church that the new Pope should be the right man.

A well-informed friend here in Rome told me that Vatican circles openly admit the innumerable advantages of having a foreigner as the next Vicar of Christ.

"Persecutions by Stalin, and fear that they are impending in Germany, as well as the limitations to the activity of Catholic action in Italy, has contrasted sharply with religious freedom in England, France, the United States, Argentine, and the small democracies. If the head of the Church should come from a strong democracy, it would, say Vatican circles, strengthen the position of the Church and provide it with democratic backing in its struggles with the dictator powers."

If the Conclave selects a foreign Pope, it will be because such a selection offers the best chances of preserving the Church in its present state of greatness, and serve as a manner of protection against its many enemies. Not to be ignored, nevertheless, is the danger that the election of a foreign Pope might lead to a break with Fascist Italy.

The impression one gains from high Vatican circles is that one of the ten Italian and five foreign "papabili" will be chosen.

Alfredo Cardinal Schuster, Archbishop of Milan, fifty-nine years old, Cardinal since 1929, is one of the most outstanding candidates. Up to November last he openly approved of the Fascist Italian Government, was the first prelate to give his gold ring at the time of Italy's need for gold to conquer Ethiopia. His gesture started the national gold-donation ball rolling. Italian political circles saw in Cardinal Schuster a Pope who would help to maintain friendly relations between the Holy See and the Quirinal; the prelates thought he might even better the relations. But in November he threw his rare eloquence, previously used to praise the works of Fascists, into condemnation of their racial laws, accusing them of "importation from the North" (Germany). Unless he has time to justify his *volte-face* before the Conclave is obliged to meet, his chances are uncertain.

Tall, sixty-seven-year-old Francesco Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani, Archbishop of St. John Lateran and Grand Chancellor of the Rome Seminary, is one of the most active members of the Pontifical Commission for the preservation of Catholic faith. He was made Cardinal in 1930, and is known for his extraordinary energy and outspoken independence. These qualities and his hard features have earned him the sobriquet of "Pope Sixtus."

The "King of the Diplomatic Service" is sixty-one-year-old Luigi Cardinal Maglione, raised to that rank in 1935. He earned the title following an incident which occurred on his appointment as Nuncio to France after he had been in Germany. Declaring he was Germanophile, France was reluctant to accept him, but when he was scheduled to leave after several years' service in France, they begged the Vatican to allow him to stay longer. Amongst many other important offices, Cardinal Maglione is a member of the Supreme Tribunal of the Apostolic Signature, and head of the organisation "For the Church and Pope."

Were it not for the fact that Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli is Pontifical Secretary of State, and that a century's tradition has so far excluded the holder of this title from the throne, the election of this tall, thin, dark but pale, bespectacled prelate would meet with little opposition. Sixty-three years old, wearer of the purple-red hat since 1929, he has a strong following among, and support from, the foreign Cardinals.

Referred to me as the Vatican's "Grover Whalen" (that famous "city host" and official "welcomer" of New York), sixty-six-year-old Giovanni Cardinal Nasalli-Rocca, Archbishop of Bologna, Cardinal since 1923, is Dean of the Masters of Ceremonies and Staff. In this capacity his great tact and suave manners charm the distinguished visitors who come to Vatican City.

Austere Elia Cardinal Dalla Costa, sixty-six-year-old Archbishop of Florence, is credited with having performed several miracles. Raised to the rank of Cardinal in 1933, he retains his modesty, love of poverty, life of, and exhortation to, religious rigidity.

Carlo Cardinal Salotti is sixty-eight years old, and has been a Cardinal for four years, although the Holy Father, esteeming him so highly, created him Cardinal "in pectore" two years before that. To create a Cardinal "in pectore" means that he is not officially announced as such, and is an expression of the Pope's particular approval of a Bishop's activities, as well as a sign of personal attachment and preference.

Church propaganda to combat the anti-Church activities of Fascism, Nazism, and Communism is the special work of Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, sixty-six years old, and Cardinal since 1933. One of the most necessary attributes of the next Pope, Vatican authorities point out, will be ability to manipulate canon and international law, so that when new concordats have to be negotiated, the Church will be able to save some of its privileges within temporal powers. In Massimo Cardinal Massimi they have

(Continued on page 260)

AMERICA *is represented by Cardinal Mundelein, popular Archbishop of Chicago. If a non-Italian is elected he might well be the chosen man*

HUNGARY: *Fifty-five-year-old Cardinal Seredi is considered the youngest of the Cardinals likely to be elected to the papal throne*

Ten Italians and Five Others, Any of Whom May Succeed Pius XI

CARDINAL DALLA COSTA — *a favoured candidate—is Archbishop of Florence. He was raised to the rank of Cardinal six years ago*

CARDINAL SALOTTI *has the responsible task of dealing with the affairs of the Greek branch of the Catholic Church. He is sixty-nine*

CARDINAL FUMASONI-BIONDI *has charge of Church propaganda. He is sixty-six years old and was made a Cardinal in 1933*

CARDINAL MASSIMI *helps to administer the affairs of the Oriental Church. He is one of the Vatican's most capable jurists*

CARDINAL TEDESCHINI *is, says Lady Drummond Hay, the most aristocratic and congenial figure of the Sacred College*

THE VATICAN WITHOUT A POPE:

What Happens When the Holy Father Dies, and How the Cardinals Set About the Selection of a Successor to the Throne of St. Peter

By Ferdinand Tuohy

TWENTY days elapsed between the death of Pope Benedict and the coronation of his successor, the late Pontiff. The Conclave having been of the shortest — three days — this is about the minimum time in which the Vatican machinery and ceremonial can function upon the Chair of St. Peter becoming vacant. Rome is without a Pope for that period, which implies that while current affairs are expedited by a commission of three Cardinals under the presidency of the Cardinal Camerlengo, no jurisdiction or powers or initiation of policy appertaining to the office of the Papacy can be exercised.

In this respect there is a hiatus. Last time it was filled by Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State. This time, again, the interim head will be the holder of that post, Cardinal Pacelli. But whereas in January, 1922, nothing really grim was on hand internationally — I had barely returned from the Cannes Conference when I was dispatched to Rome— early 1939 tells a danger story suggesting that the sooner the Holy See is able to resume in fullest authority, the better.

From the moment the Cardinal Camerlengo (Mgr. Pacelli) taps the dead Pope's forehead thrice with a small, silver hammer, at the same time calling his late Holiness's Christian names—in this case, Ambroise, Damien, Achille—and, turning to the few present in the little bedroom, announces "The Pope is really dead," to the final gorgeous apotheosis when the newly-crowned Pontiff is borne aloft round St. Peter's in his *sedia gestatoria*, to the strains of that thrilling Silver Trumpet March, the Vatican is about as busy a headquarters as one could well imagine.

On the present occasion it is no doubt busier than ever in view of the revival of the temporal power with the concomitant return of Royal Italy to the sacred precincts from which for sixty-nine years it had been banned. The nearest Royal Italy drew in 1922 was when two companies of Bersaghlieri paraded in the Piazza San Pietro to receive the new Pope's blessing given from a balcony. Coming events were then casting their shadows before, if none of us below dreamt that a Lateran Treaty, freeing "the Prisoner of the Vatican," lay but seven years off. The enthusiast of that debated convention was still a noisy if successful agitator, mainly in the north. To-day his régime will loom in the ceremonial attendant on the first election of a Pope under Fascism.

When a Pope dies there follow three distinct occurrences, however these may overlap or interlock. The obsequies of the late Pontiff. Preparations for, and the holding of, the Conclave. And the Coronation—in this case of the 261st successor to Peter in the usual list of Roman Pontiffs.

The Papacy is administered through three departments—the Sacred Congregations, the Tribunals, and the Offices, and just now No. 9 section of the first, known as "the Ceremonial," rules the day. It has to arrange everything, from how the Cardinal of Chicago will get to the Conclave in time, to the occupancy of the diplomatic tribune in St. Peter's—no light matter inasmuch as there are nearly fifty accredited envoys.

Individually, the most prominent personage after the Cardinal Camerlengo is the Prince Chigi of the day, as hereditary perpetual marshal to the Holy See. It was a Prince Chigi who gingerly opened the door of the Sistine when I turned up late for the second of Benedict's three funeral masses. Pius XI seems to have had but one mass. The scene within was of the kind that remains engraved in memory. Round a high crimson catafalque sat all available Cardinals, about forty-five, chanting and responding. To my right, behind wooden lattice-work, the famous choir of the Chapel gave gloriously of itself. On my left stood about fifty of the cream of Rome's Black aristocracy, women as well as men. The competing "White" aristocracy is not invited. And I should add that there was no body, only an empty coffin upon high. It was only, I think, at the first funeral that the body was present, although it may have been at the third; I forget.

Papal obsequies, following a ritual of the middle ages and before, are complicated. A certain measure of dissection is laid down, together with embalming, and not for ten days is the dead Pontiff placed in cypress, lead, and oak coffins and borne by Swiss Guards to a temporary tomb in the wall of St. Peter's from which some years later comes final translation to the crypt. Here again, everything seems to have been accelerated and changed with Pius XI.

Meanwhile all has been scurry and excitement and cabling in connection with the Conclave. Over sixty Princes of the Church are expected, and "cells" must be prepared for each, so that meditation and prayer conducting to voting of the new Pontiff may be rendered possible in absolute isolation and silence.

In olden days a Conclave might drag out for weeks and even months, and all the stories handed down of right royal victualling and conviviality can hardly have been entirely bereft of truth. To-day, the idea is to proceed with utmost celerity, if only on account of the high cost of a Conclave to the Holy See. This will be the fourth Conclave in thirty-six years.

The American Cardinals are being specially waited for this time, also even the South American. Perhaps some day Cardinals will fly to the Conclave from Down Under. Many think an Australasian Cardinal is overdue, fly or no fly.

So we see the Cardinals voting in secrecy the identity of the new Vicar of Christ. Pacelli, Dalla Costa are names which the outside world currently likes to canvass. Yet the chances are all that the Cardinals have gone into the Conclave with the names of obscure candidates uppermost in their minds. As bulletins are collected several times daily and examined by that commission I mentioned earlier, names narrow down and down as more and more votes pile up in favour of one candidate. In recent times he has been young, relatively, and of good constitution, so that chances of a long reign may be the stronger. A high intelligence is another decisive attribute, yet Secretaries of State are seldom elected, for their being too involved with mundane politics.

Let us suppose that at the third noon white smoke puffs thinly up from our fateful chimney to the accompaniment of a vast murmur succeeded by cries of *Il Pappa! Il Pappa!* But who has been elected? Names buzz round the Piazza. Yet no one really knows for certain until a robed figure appears on the central balcony and gives his blessing. It was at that stage that we knew, in '22, that upon Achille Ratti, Archbishop of Milan and unknown Warsaw Nuncio after the Armistice, had devolved the tremendous wearing of the Fisherman's Ring.

SOUTH AMERICA: *Cardinal Copello, Archbishop of Buenos Aires. His flock numbers 60,000,000 souls. He is now on his way to Rome*

POLAND: *Cardinal Hlond, Archbishop of Gnesna. When the late Pius XI was Nuncio in Warsaw Cardinal Hlond worked with him*

BRITAIN: *Cardinal Hinsley, the Archbishop of Westminster, and, as such, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in this country*

PIO XI È MORTO:

How Rome Received the News of the Pope's Death, and Other News Pictures from the Vatican in the Days Immediately Following

THE CHILLING TRUTH IN COLD PRINT: Members of Vatican College reading an edition of *Il Messaggero* giving details of the Pope's last hours. The shock was not lessened by the expectedness of the news

THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE POPE'S DEATH being read by Marquis Serafini, the Governor of Vatican City, who exercises authority in all internal matters of an essentially civil nature

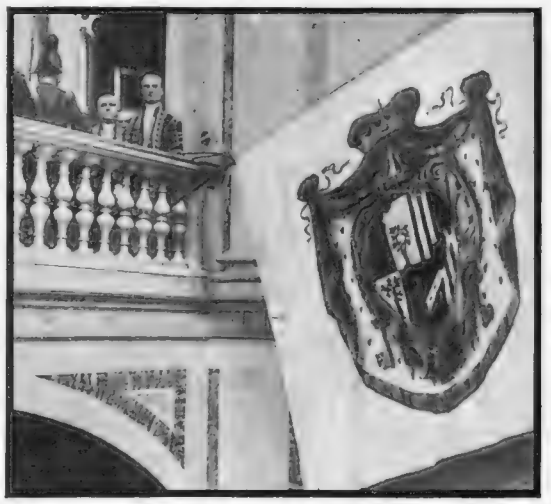
SIGNING THE DEATH CERTIFICATE: High officials of the Holy See append their names to the document recording the Pontiff's death, the chief witness to which had been Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary

ROYALTY'S TRIBUTE: Crown Prince Umberto, son of King Victor Emmanuel, seen as he left the Sistine Chapel after paying homage on behalf of the House of Savoy. On the left is Cardinal Pacelli

REIQUE CATHOLICÆ VINDEX FORTIS: Officials of the Vatican, guards, and clergy carrying the embalmed body of Pius XI to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament for the lying-in-state before the people of Rome

THOUSANDS WAIT TO PAY HOMAGE: A glimpse of the great crowd which assembled at St. Peter's and filed past the catafalque to look their last on Pius XI, the man who had shed such lustre on the Papacy

MASS FOR THE DEAD: The scene in St. Peter's during the first of the Novemdiales for Pius XI. In the Canons' Choir is set up a high catafalque with candles round it and on it the triregno or triple crown given to the late Pope by the diocese of Milan



THE FLAG OF THE MARSHAL OF THE CONCLAVE, the dignitary who is always a member of the Chigi family and one of whose duties it is to superintend the locking of the Cardinals in the Vatican while they are engaged in the task of electing a new Pope

CHOOSING THE PAPAL SUCCESSOR: In the centre is the Manica, the traditional voting box in which the Cardinals record their votes when electing a new Pontiff. Election is secured when at least two-thirds of the total votes are cast in one candidate's favour

"AXIS" NEWS

Signor Mussolini making a tour of the galleries on the occasion of his visit to the Third Quadrennial Exhibition of Italian Art, which is attracting much attention in Rome

Admiral Marquis de Magaz (left), General Franco's Ambassador in Berlin, being received in audience by Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden. On the right is interpreter Schmidt

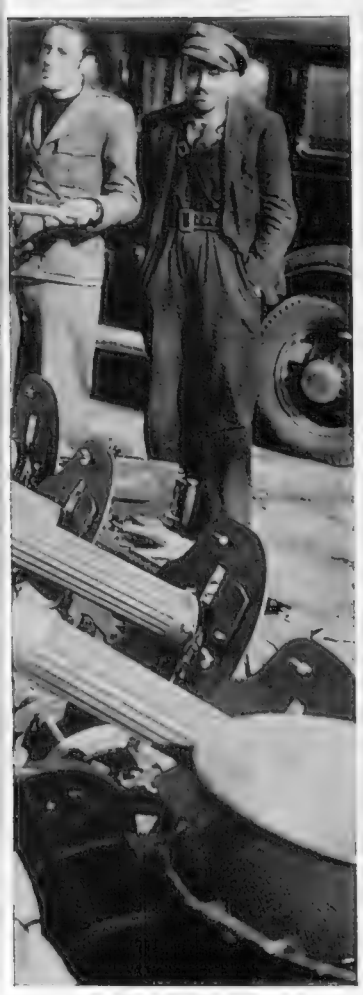
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI: A BELOVED FIGURE

A characteristic portrait of His Holiness Pope Pius XI whose death at the age of eighty-one after many months of illness, against which he fought with rare determination, has caused sorrow throughout the Roman Catholic world, to the welfare of which he contributed so nobly. The Pope was born on May 31, 1857, at Desio, near Milan, his father being the manager of a silk factory. When a young man he became well known as a mountaineer by his ascents of the Matterhorn and of Mont Blanc which he was the first to climb from the Italian side. His Holiness was ordained in 1879 and after being Apostolic nuncio in Poland and titular Archbishop of Lepanto was made Cardinal Archbishop of Milan in 1921. A year later he was elected Pope. One of his greatest achievements was the Lateran Treaty of 1929 by which temporal power was restored to the papacy and a concordat was established with the Italian government, while he will always be remembered for his immense courage in standing up to the Nazi oppression during the last years of his life

A Gallant Fight Against Illness

THEIR FIGHTING DAYS DONE: A lorryload of Spanish Republican troops pictured at the French frontier post of Le Perthus where they were disarmed by French troops before being sent to the internment camp at Argelès where thousands of their compatriots have been accommodated since the exodus from Barcelona began at the end of January. Towards the close of last week it was estimated that 150,000 soldiers and non-combatants had sought sanctuary in France, their retreat being protected by six divisions which fought a series of rearguard actions to prevent Franco's army advancing too rapidly. France has been paying at least £14,000 a day to feed the refugees

WAITING TO BE ACCOMMODATED AT THE BIG INTERNMENT CAMP AT ARGELÈS where the French authorities have been concentrating the bulk of the combatant refugees from Catalonia. The non-combatants, on the other hand, have been dispatched to various points in the interior of France where private charity is doing much for their welfare. Many of the men at Argelès have seen as much as two years of uninterrupted fighting, including the tremendous actions fought last summer and autumn by the banks of the Ebro



THE FLIGHT OF AN ARMY:

Catalonia's Conquered Troops Enter France

SPANISH GOVERNMENT ARTILLERY BEING CONFISCATED AT BOURG-MADAME after crossing the tortuous Pyrenean mountain road from Catalonia. Large numbers of big guns, not to mention rifles, machine guns, and fighter planes, have fallen into the hands of the French and last week it was suggested in some quarters that they might possibly form a barter payment in compensation for the cost involved in the upkeep and sheltering of the refugees. Gold and silver—reserves from the Bank of Spain—have also arrived in France

Above and on left—RIFLES BY THE THOUSAND AND MACHINE GUNS BY THE SCORE have been collected by the French authorities from the defeated troops as they have poured across the Pyrenean border into France, and at the end of last week the stock of arms was becoming really formidable. The work of collection has alone involved the French in immense work, and, needless to say, they have taken no trifling risk in admitting such an enormous army, which, but for this dispensation, would assuredly have been decimated in the foothills of the Pyrenees, being unable to cope with the superior armaments the insurgents have at their command

CHECKING *the* WRECKER

The Bomb Outrages in London and the Provinces Draw Attention to the Menace of the Trained Saboteur to a Country's Defences

THE mild outbreak of wrecking by explosives in London and the provinces may bring benefit in its train should it be instrumental in rousing the authorities to the high potentiality for danger to the defence of the country that "the enemy within," or trained saboteur, is capable of wielding.

Such have been the disappointments, if not the shocks, caused by our Civil Defence realisation to date, or lack of it, that it would be altogether rash for the public to take for granted that those jointly responsible, Home and War Offices, Air Ministry and Admiralty, have as yet agreed upon the application of a national anti-wrecking plan as foolproof as feasible. In fact, the odds are that at this stage each of these great departments is ploughing a more or less lonely furrow in the matter.

Imaginative penetration is not always the long suit of Whitehall and its Ministries. Let me illustrate this by telling of fears that worried the War Office in 1915. In the summer of that year I was given a trunkful of reports and was told to shut myself in over the week-end and try to see daylight (there were both feeding and sleeping possibilities without leaving the vast brain-box). The reports all had to do with the great increase of fires at war factories. Many were quite minor and most appeared to be due to accidents or negligence among new staffs. Nevertheless, the danger was clear, as Silvertown was dreadfully to prove a couple of years later.

So I duly slept at the War House with my trunk and on the Monday morning weighed in with a brief report to the effect that two-thirds of the outbreaks occurred over the week-end, so why not increase guards from Saturday to Monday? Which was done. Yet this is not my point. Judge of my surprise when I learnt that that trunkful had been pushed in my direction merely as an intelligence test, the reward for success in which was immediate posting to the B.E.F. That week-end conflagration glut discovery had come as if by accident!

Great strides have been made since then in the art of wrecking. Only the other day I learnt in Italy of the existence of specially trained anti-sabotage services created from the blackshirt militia and available for duty in peace no less than in war. This intensification was ordered by the Duce consequent upon a terrible factory explosion in the north two or three years ago. The extent of the damage and the death-roll were hushed up—it is a common practice in totalitarian lands to hush up acts of wrecking for reasons of morale and of national defence—and it only leaked out that the punishment made to fit the crime had been unique: a large number of the survivors were either penalised or removed because it had been found impossible to throw light on the cause of the disaster.

Let those of our engineers and dockyard personnel and factory workers who "hate to feel they are being watched by detectives posing as fellow employees and workers" ponder the above punishment. Such objectors should realise that they are "being watched" for their own safety no less than for that of the realm.

I believe that the Fascist anti-wrecking precautions have been based on the following appreciation:—

In a European conflict wrecking might be calculated to break out in a dozen different directions, with particular reference to the very start of hostilities. Apart from the possibility of Italy unconsciously harbouring would-be wreckers of alien origin, or anti-Fascist Italians coming in from abroad, there must be kept in mind the numbers of native enemies of the regime still in Italy.

The war-time saboteur's job is to weaken an enemy in every feasible way, by striking at him darkly in the homeland. That is one reason spies are currently apt to be so interested in locating new aerodromes, food and oil depots, war factories, and so on. Not only is precise location wanted for bombing: it is no less necessary for wrecking. The wreckers' map for war time is, in fact, being traced and filled in now (certainly Italy's and Germany's is so being developed in relation to the western democracies and their empires).

Everything capitally contributing to the military and civil life of the enemy state is aimed at. Rail and road junctions and nodal points, bridges, broadcasting stations, telephone and telegraph hubs, gasworks, waterworks, power plant, canals, locks, docks, fuel depots, aerodromes, barracks, munition and shadow factories, shipping in all its manifestations, food and other storage centres.

Italy is already guarding the depots of stores and raw materials that she is so speedily building up, and it behoves us similarly to guard, particularly by night and at week-ends, the hush-hush wheat, sugar, whale oil, forage, fertiliser, tinned and other food depots, and petrol dumps, that one understands are being assembled in our midst. In our island case, so dependent on shipments from overseas, these national places of storage will offer the most tempting and unexampled novelty to the expert saboteur. And bear in mind the enormous number of aliens we give refuge to.

The Nazis had an anti-wreckage system afoot before the Italians who, however, have probably fully caught up with their brethren of the Axis. The Germans have taken precautions (in addition, without doubt, to coping with all the above risks) against such possibilities as the pollution of water and milk supplies, the poisoning of agriculture, the infection of livestock, even the sabotage of such humanitarian essentials as medical serums, together with laboratory activity in general.

Frightening aspects of sabotage are the facility with which it can be committed—such as the gutting of a great modern liner by pouring out in a twinkling half a can of petrol—and the way in which intending saboteurs are able to lie low indefinitely and without the slightest suspicion attaching to them once they have fixed their target. Unlike the spy (who does, however, on occasion, double the role of wrecker) the wrecker need do no more until the moment strikes, whereas the secret collector of information has to keep constantly on the job. (In passing, the word "sabotage" hails from sabot, or wooden shoe, with which the French peasants trampled crops in during the Revolution by way of retaliation on their masters.)

It is no accident that the Germans have got down to the possibilities of up-to-date wrecking with more thoroughness than most others. They were the first to practise it under modern conditions, as Captain von Rintelen, that "Dark Invader," has so thrillingly told us. Rintelen's occult operations in America in 1917, in connection with which at least two terrific explosions, Black Tom and Kingsland, were laid to his account, showed this intrepid naval officer in the light of the first modern saboteur of war time, likely forerunner of companies of detonating and destroying Rintelens of the future, should wars persist.

A parallel mission was his in seeking to prevent munition ships reaching the Allies, in ruining cargoes that had already been put aboard, in blowing up vital connections—such as the great bridge over the Mackenzie River—and arms factories. Rintelen succeeded best with the first of these jobs, chiefly by fitting time bombs to rudders, and by arranging for bunker fires at sea. Lucky for us that to-day this pioneer has not only left Germany but is a citizen of Britain—and luckier still if our powers-that-be developed the wit to employ him at the present pass of events.

Against ourselves during 1914–18 the most spectacular wrecking concerned warships (H.M.S. *Natal* and *Bulwark* strongly suspected, each blown up at the quayside while children's parties or receptions were being held aboard) and munition dumps—notably the terrific Spincourt affair in France when 450,000 heavy shells exploded at a crucial moment in our 1917 offensive, greatly hampering this.

More than one attempt was made to blow up the single Trans-Siberian line when Japan was rushing munitions to a sadly depleted Russia; which reminds that a constant—and now rapidly growing—French worry has to do with the protection of the exposed, solitary and extremely vulnerable and no less important railway line running from Marseilles to the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia, and, moreover, through territory harbouring not less than 400,000 Italians, over half of them concentrated in and around Marseilles.

Pity that lone line should a Franco-Italian war ensue! One hopes for France's sake that extra guards are being put on it already, in the so-called peace that we are traversing, composed of walking perpetually on the cliff's edge . . . we are almost under war conditions already. And that reminds of another thing. Our Attorney-General some time ago sent out circulars to all munition-making firms advising them to increase their factory guards. With all due deference to the holder of this high office, should not this be the job of Civil Defence, and might not our legal luminaries concentrate on another aspect of sabotage, namely, the degree of punishment that should rightfully be meted out in the new circumstances? Here, again, the totalitarians have the whip hand of us. They behead (or shoot). One does not advocate those forms, yet there could be ample argument advanced for the introduction of the death penalty in war time and long terms of penal servitude (or its new appellation) in peace. As things stand, punishment seems entirely insufficient for these deadly underground enemies, capable of killing wholesale.

Who do these things? What type of person engages in sabotage? It would seem he (very little she) falls under four heads, (a) agents of foreign countries, (b) politically discontented ones—"Reds" and others, (c) workers with a grievance, (d) extreme pacifist cranks.

In regard to the two last, the situation can be confused by the clever planting of dupes in factories and elsewhere to cover the activities of the genuine saboteur who will carefully move from job to job and post to post round the country. Workers can themselves greatly help by keeping a weather eye open, since it is otherwise next to impossible to stop someone inflicting damage, or arranging worse, in a few seconds, while engaged in his normal work or appearing to be. A case in point occurred at the Bessemer works at Sheffield, where steel ropes of a giant fly-wheel were tampered with to such an extent that had things been going at speed the whole plant must have been smashed.

(Continued on page 258)

THE R.A.F. "WEATHER PILOT" WORKS IN GALE, STORM, AND BLACK-OUT

Naval Gunnery in Gas Masks—The Modern Stoker Must Be a Technician

GAS-MASKED ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS pictured aboard the battleship *Revenge* during a mock battle in the Atlantic. It is the policy of the Navy to train its men to get used to gas masks so that in war time their efficiency would not be impaired by wearing them

CLAD FOR HIGH FLYING IN AN OPEN COCKPIT this pilot is ready to take the air at Mildenhall, Suffolk. He belongs to the "weather flight" whose duty it is to obtain data for the Air Ministry's weather forecasts. At 7 a.m. and 1 p.m. every day, regardless of gales, snowstorms, or fog black-outs, a pilot takes off in a Gloucester Gauntlet specially equipped for meteorological work. He wears an electrically-heated suit, replete with many zip fasteners and fitted with microphone and earphones for talking to the direction-finding station on the aerodrome. Conveniently strapped to his knee is a pad for jotting down instrument readings made at varying heights

THE MODERN STOKER is quite a different person to the man who in earlier naval days had merely to shovel coal into the furnaces. He does not have to expend quite so much physical energy, but he has to have a real bent for engineering. Here we see him being put through his paces at the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, where stokers undergo a preliminary course of training before going afloat. *Left*—Being taught how to read the various gauges and (*right*) electrical instruction during the eighth week of a course. A knowledge of electricity has an important bearing on the question of dealing with an emergency in the stokehold

BROADCASTI

"THE SINGING BABIES," a popular team of American singers, giving a broadcast in the Avro programme at Hilversum, the biggest of Holland's many and various broadcasting groups, most of which act as the mouthpiece for religious or political organisations. The extraordinary part about the Dutch system is that no licence fee has to be paid by the listener, although if he sends a small contribution to the funds it is most appreciatively welcomed

Hier is Hilversum . . .

THAT announcement is familiar to many English listeners. The fuller announcement may puzzle them sometimes: *Hier is Hilversum de AVRO;* or *de VARA;* or *de RKO*; or *de NCRV;* according to the day and the hour when you tune in; and even that is not the end.

But these are the familiar initials of the four chief broadcasting associations transmitting from their own big studios at Hilversum—one neutral, one Socialist, one Catholic and one Protestant. The reasons for their existence are interesting.

First Hilversum. Listening-in to Hilversum you have probably wondered what sort of place it is. It is not picture-book Holland. It stands high and dry within a wide expanse of upland heath covered with gorse, heather and pinewoods.

Fifty years ago, Hilversum had a population of under 10,000. To-day it has over 70,000, made up chiefly of well-to-do people who, with the coming of fast trains and good motor roads, moved out from Amsterdam, 29 miles away, to dry land, where they could build on sand instead of on piles.

The broadcasting studios have followed the example set by the municipality, and are the latest thing in architecture as well as in radio technology. From the architectural standpoint, the Avro studios are probably the finest in Europe; and, rising from one of the most conspicuous sites in Hilversum, give obvious and spectacular point to the international significance of the town.

I had better tell you what the Avro is. Its full name is *Algemeene Vereeniging Radio Omroep*, which means General Broadcasting Association. It is the biggest broadcasting group in Holland and depends entirely upon voluntary contributions and the sale of its weekly programme magazine. In Holland, if you have a wireless set, you pay no licence fee. Having bought your set you have nothing further to pay unless you wish. You may buy the weekly programme you like best, and, if enthusiastic enough, you may send an annual contribution to the funds of your favourite broadcasting association, in return for which you are reckoned as one of that association's members, and get a little silver button to tell you so.

On the face of it, it seems anything but an ideal system; but according to Mr. Tindal, the Avro secretary, it works surprisingly well. Mr. Tindal ought to know. He is one of the high priests of the ether, and has been associated with the Avro, which is the pioneer of organised broadcasting in Holland, since its inception. He tells me that the Avro has nearly 250,000 paying members, and probably as many more non-paying.

Mr. Tindal received us in the Wellsian board-room of the great Avro studios, where telephones flash lights instead of ringing, and tall, pale walls insulate from a world we had left as utterly as if we had landed on the cold shores of the moon. In this rarefied atmosphere Mr. Tindal told us the fascinating story of broadcasting in Holland. It is a story which shows on what strange accidents an enterprise may be built up. Great organisers seem to be those who know how to co-ordinate the haphazard.

"Holland," said Mr. Tindal, in the measured tones befitting his unemotional world, "was the first country to transmit music over the air." That surprised me!

A certain Mr. Idzerda, of The Hague, who had a small transmitting set, one day got the bright idea to start a gramophone going in front of his transmitter. This was shortly after the war. People in England and Holland who owned receiving-sets experienced the surprise of their lives as they suddenly heard *Traviata* emerging from their earpieces. This was something new. Something with immense possibilities. People began to talk about it.

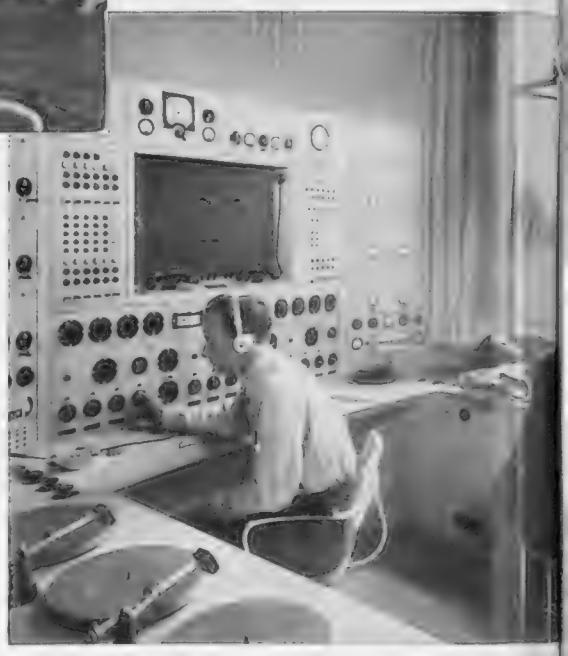
Mr. Idzerda's experiment became a regular feature, and he got the idea that if gramophone music could be sent successfully over the air, so could actual musical performances. The heavy cost involved was, however, too much for this enterprising amateur, until the London *Daily Mail*, recognising the enormous importance of the experiment, offered financial support to Mr. Idzerda, who was thus able to begin the first wireless amusement programmes heard by British listeners, who continued to listen-in to The Hague until London started with its own 2 LO.

The position was then reversed. Instead of English listeners tuning in to Holland, Dutch listeners began tuning in to London, and The Hague amateur transmission lost its importance. Meanwhile, a Dutch manufacturer of receiving sets had built a transmitting apparatus at his factory in Hilversum. No regular use was made of it until the manufacturer offered his transmitter, free, to two or three wireless enthusiasts for regular broadcasts. One of these enthusiasts was Mr. Tindal, now secretary to the Avro.

At the beginning, lack of funds hampered this little group; but after a while, by dint of eloquent appeals to the patriotic consciences of Dutch listeners, voluntary contributions began to come in, and the programmes, which were given only on one day a week, began to improve.

"And then," said Mr. Tindal, with half an eye on the lights flashing from the high, board-room walls . . . "And then, we made our great mistake." There came a pause. We watched his ascetic face against the background of white wall and flashing gadgets.

"We decided," he continued, in the cold, even tones proper to the element



THE CONTROL ROOM AT THE AVRO STUDIOS: Through the window can be seen the tower of Hilversum's town hall—a much criticised building

AN INTELLIGENCE COMPETITION between rival Dutch towns being broadcast from one of the big studios at Hilversum. By all accounts the experiment was a great success, revealing the extraordinary range of general knowledge among the young people of Holland

A FAVOURITE ON THE AIR: Popular Janet Lind broadcasting a song from the Avro studios accompanied by the Avro dance band

NG EXTRAORDINARY:

Remarkable Hilversum, Where Every Shade of Opinion is Represented by a Studio; Where Each Studio Has Separate Days and Hours of Broadcasting; and Where You Pay Nothing to Listen-in Unless You Feel Inclined to Make a Donation

By ROY ELSTON

he dwells in, "to broadcast a Sunday morning church service." This was less than we expected, but in its consequences, more. The broadcast was a big success. So much so that the authorities of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, which in Holland wield great political influence, hurried round their separate conference tables and said: "There is more to this than meets the eye, or the ear, so far. If neutrals can broadcast our services, why can't we do it ourselves. And if services, why not more than that. Think of our flocks . . . and our voters!"

The upshot was that they offered the Hilversum manufacturer a fee for the use of his transmitter on one day a week. The Hilversum manufacturer was a business man. He accepted the offer. When the churches began broadcasting, they did not overlook the political opportunities of the new pulpit. The outcome might have been expected.

The leaders of the powerful Social Democratic Party now got together. The churches had put them on to a very good thing. And off they went with their money bags to the manufacturer in Hilversum. Thus, day after day was being filched from the neutrals. They had by this time become much richer, however, and were able to offer the owner of the transmitter a fee which secured to them three days for their non-sectarian, non-party broadcasts.

THE CATHOLIC BROADCASTING ASSOCIATION'S STUDIOS AT HILVERSUM: An exterior view of this modern building showing the terra-cotta reliefs representing Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. The RKO, as it is called, is allowed fifty-four broadcasting hours a week, and has its own orchestras

Thus it was that Holland's radio system became divided up among various groups which subsequently were able to build their own studios. As broadcasting developed, the matter was taken in hand by the Postmaster-General, who parcelled out among the different broadcasting associations the time available on the two big transmitting stations, Hilversum and Huizen.

There was also some talk of introducing a law to compel listeners to have a licence, the fees for which could be given to the broadcasting associations. But the Avro, which had already built up the biggest organisation, and was doing very well on voluntary contributions, opposed the scheme. The other associations, after some indecision, fell into line with the Avro, and the scheme fell through. The Avro's chief competitors to-day are the VARA, the broadcasting association of the Social Democrats; the RKO, or Roman Catholic Broadcasting Group; and the NCRV, which represents the leading Protestant Group. Each of these has its separate studios, its separate days and hours of broadcasting as fixed by the Postmaster-General, and its separate "members," whose voluntary contributions and magazine subscriptions support the enterprise and indeed render it most profitable.

In addition to the four main groups there are a number of minor political and social organisations which have prevailed upon the Postmaster-General to give them an occasional hour on the air; but they hardly matter except to the restricted group of vegetarians, psycho-analysts and the like, who thus get the eagerly sought opportunity of having their frolicsome say.

"The oddest thing about our voluntary system," said Mr. Tindal, "is that it works well." That it is such a success is rather unfair to apostles of socialisation; but they will have to put up with it for at least as long as Hilversum continues to provide programmes which in quality are not inferior to the fabulously rich B.B.C.—and cost very much less!

The technical excellence of the transmission is also likely to be further improved before long. The transmitting station at Huizen has already been closed down, and experiments are being made with a more powerful station at Jaarsveld, on the Rhine, which has been erected by the Government. It is almost certain that this new station will take the place of the present Hilversum senders, which have what I learn with surprise is the disadvantage of being built upon sandy soil. Apparently a much more powerful transmitter is required for transmissions over dry and rocky soil than is necessary over damp ground. Well, Holland has damp ground enough, in all conscience! No one would deny that.

One advantage of the new station should be the ending of the ether war between Holland and Rumania, each of which, for some years, has been using the same long-wave length. A result of this double usage is the annoying presence of heterodyne interference. I am glad to have got that technical word in at last. Perhaps you know what it means. For my part, it remains one of the deep secrets insulated within the planetary spaces of the great Avro studios at Hilversum, studios which truly epitomise the subject of this article, "Broadcasting Extraordinary."

FRANCE WARMS TO EARL DE LA WARR:

Our Minister of Education visited Paris earlier in the month as the guest of the French Minister of Education and was cordially welcomed by press and public, which duly took note that he wore an Eden hat and carried a Chamberlain umbrella. He is seen here, during a visit to the Louvre, admiring a twelfth-century sculpture of the Virgin and Child

A SULTAN'S SWISS HOLIDAY:

The Sultan of Johore (right foreground) and his friend, Miss Lydia Hill (dark fur coat), the London girl whom it was rumoured that he would marry, pictured together at St. Moritz. Miss Hill, it will be noted, is wearing a head-dress of eastern inspiration

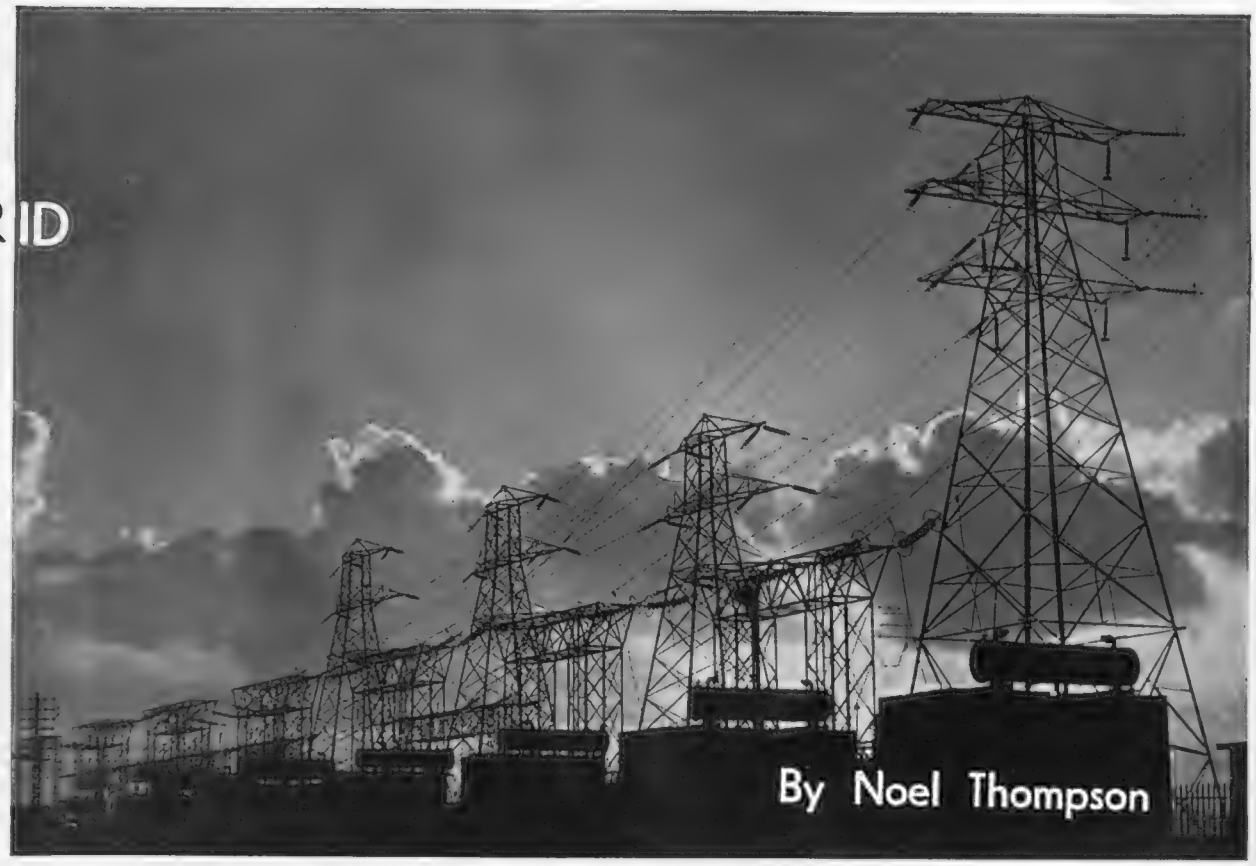
A SULTAN ASSUMES THE PURPLE:

Sir Shenton Thomas (left), Governor of Malaya and the Straits Settlements, helps the Sultan of Selangor to alight from his car after a triumphal drive through Klang on the day of his coronation. The Sultan was first washed by princesses of the blood royal and then crowned by his brother. His consort, Tunigku Ampruan, is seen on the right

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY

The GROWTH *of the* GRID

Some Facts and Figures Regarding This Nation-Wide System of Electricity Supply



BARKING POWER STATION, 1939: A glimpse of one of the most powerful plants in the country

By Noel Thompson

In the course of examining some of the great industries of the day, Noel Thompson here surveys the origin and growth of the Electrical Grid system. He clearly reveals the magnitude and growing strength of the Grid system, and there is no doubt that the yearly increase in the use of electricity is arresting in the highest degree. But into this successful world has crept a dilemma. The Grid system was devised when there was no threat of war hanging like a dark cloud over Western Europe. The long immunity of this island evidently made organisers of Big Business oblivious of anything but peace conditions. Now this new factor has arisen, which has given an entirely new angle to industry. The Grid is obviously vulnerable, but that is another story. Mr. Thompson tells us of the marvellous growth of this linked electrical system from its peace-time angle, and a wonderful tale it is. The very fact that it has put England in the forefront of the big electrical equipment business is a virtue in itself.

LET us look into this Grid system and find what in this year of 1939 it means and has meant. Well, firstly, since its origin in 1927 it has cost about £30,000,000. You can set off against this £25,000,000 saved in capital expenses since the Grid came into full working in 1933.

It has linked up the country. The Grid could now for instance—though this has never been done—call on Scotland to supply electricity, aided by Wales, for the whole of the south-east of England, in the event of a complete breakdown of the south-eastern system.

That may be a very remote contingent, but let us go back 60 years, to the earliest days, and bring electrical history up to date. Towards the end of the 1870's the development of the vacuum carbon filament made electric lighting practicable. I will wager that not one in a hundred readers knows that the first public supply was in 1881 and the streets lit were in—London, Manchester, Liverpool? No, in Godalming, Surrey. The cables had to be laid in the gutters because there was no authority to put them either in the air or underground. The River Wey supplied the power.

In 1882 there was the first Electricity (Lighting) Act and there have been so many since that even the best lawyers are puzzled. Suffice it that it gave short licences to concerns interested, and so the country was divided up into hundreds of small concerns supplying small but profitable areas.

Skipping rapidly to the war period, it was not till then that this parochial system was really shown up. It was almost impossible to organise it for industrial purposes, and "black-outs" took careful timing.

In the early years of this century companies were being given rights in perpetuity and they had a right of veto—which meant that if they did not want to amalgamate, to share, or to work for the ultimate good of the whole industry no one could force them to do so. So in 1918 Sir Archibald Williamson's Committee (he became Lord Forres) tried to set things right, but the recommendations were so murdered in Parliament that the Electricity Supply Act of 1919 helped only a little. The main point was that a body called the Electricity Commissioners was set up and they still sit and keep a national viewpoint in mind.

THE GRID SPANS THE THAMES: One of the giant towers at Dagenham where the cables are carried across the river, the towers being over 480 ft. in height

But 1921 still saw in Greater London alone about eighty supply authorities, seventy generating stations, fifty different systems of supply, twenty-four voltages, and ten frequencies. Anyone who has now anything to do with wireless mains sets or electrical fittings in the home will realise what a muddle that meant.

I should bore you if I continued to give any further early history but there was Lord Weir's vital Committee in 1925, with Sir John Snell, chairman of the Electricity Commissioners, as technical adviser, followed by the 1926 Electricity (Supply) Act and in 1927 the Central Electricity Board was set up. That brings us down to the period of actual work when the Grid started to become an actuality and things happened. In other words, when after months of careful thinking, planning, mapping, etc., "those dreadful pylons" started to arise.

At that time there were 482 generating stations. There are now 162 stations, and the number is being reduced as financial economics show it practicable. First of all, however, the Central Electricity Board. There is a whole-time chairman and seven members, who sit from five to ten years, chosen by the Minister of Transport, to represent labour, the electrical industries, town planning, transport, local government, agriculture, etc. An Act of Parliament decided this. With typical self-denial, no Member of Parliament may sit on the Board!

The Board could, with Treasury guarantee, draw up to £60,000,000, but they have not done so. Their financial issues have always been successful. They merely own and operate the Grid. They simply supply bulk electricity to the stations but of this more later—and not direct to the public or consumers.

Now for a short dose of figures. The whole of Britain is covered by the scheme except for the financially unprofitable extreme north of Scotland. There are 28,000 towers, or pylons; 150,000 tons of steel were used, and 12,000 tons of aluminium; 200,000 porcelain insulators were required; sixty rivers had to be crossed, including the Thames; the Dagenham towers, to carry the cables across the Thames, are the highest in the country, 487 ft., or roughly three times the height of the Nelson Column.

It can be seen that the Grid system has benefited trade and, far more than that, orders for the largest transformers in the world and for electrical equipment never before produced in this country gave the electrical industry an invaluable fillip. Experiments had to be made, research carried out, almost new factories built, to supply the Grid with its demands. That meant experience and machinery ready to supply the world market, which the industry is now doing. British prestige in this type of work has been enormously enhanced.

There are now over 4,200 miles of transmission lines, of which about 3,000 miles carry the current at the high pressure of 132,000 volts! The switching and transforming stations have an aggregate capacity of 13,000,000 horse-power. And one final figure: the Barking, Fulham, and Battersea stations each need at a busy period between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000 gallons of water an hour for their condensers.

It would take me too long to deal with one of the major problems of the Central Electricity Board, the standardisation of frequency. This has cost so far £16,000,000, which is being paid for by a levy on the whole electrical industry spread over a period of years; it was an essential task, and the results are welcomed everywhere.

Now, how does the Grid work? Well, first it supplies the bulk electricity to the selected stations. Then it buys back at a fixed tariff the whole of the output of those stations. Then it retains the quantity it has previously told those stations it requires for its own purposes, and sells back to the stations at an agreed rate the balance, which the stations require for their own private consumers. It is the local companies who supply us with electricity and with whom we negotiate, or to whom we pay our bills. The local companies spread electricity in rural districts, not the Grid. That is not its job.

But to me the most fascinating part of this vast system is provided by the Control Rooms, of which there are seven—one for each main area—namely in London, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Birmingham, Bristol and Glasgow. These are to the Grid what the brain is to the limbs. Each Control Room receives regular weather reports from the Air Ministry and from observers scattered throughout the country. Dials show the loads of all the main generating stations, and there is direct telephone communication between each Control Room and the stations.

The men at Bankside, the London Control Room for London and the south-eastern area, know, from routine, such obvious increase of loads as are caused by lighting-up time, trams and trains starting, or factories beginning or closing. Supposing, however, a station, or observer, at Brighton reports to London at 2 p.m. that there is heavy cloud. Shops and houses and cinemas will be lighting up earlier than usual.

A lever on the Control Room desk in London is pulled, and like a ship's telegraph, it immediately registers a warning in the local station or stations. If the increase is going to be very big, three or four stations may be involved.

This system makes for economy. In the old days there might be a score of stations supplying one area. All these had to have their own peak periods; they had to have their reserve machinery always ready even in summer when the demand for

(*Continued on page* 260)

FEMININE TYPES at the ACADEMY

SCOTTISH ART in its HEYDAY

"SUSAN CARNEGIE" BY ROBERT THORBURN, A.R.A.: A finely balanced portrait miniature at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art. Thorburn largely devoted himself to miniature painting, but when the miniature went out of fashion he reverted to big-scale oil painting

On left—
AN ALLAN RAMSAY SKETCH: This study for a portrait of Lady Lucy Manners, Duchess of Cleveland, is in red and black chalk. Ramsay used the same costume in his portrait of Mrs. Madan, and it is a curious fact that both this costume and that depicted in the portrait on right belong to the seventeenth-century style, although the sitters lived in the eighteenth century

On right—
"LADY CHRISTIAN MONTGOMERIE" BY JEREMIAH DAVISON (1695-1745): A detail of a fine portrait by one of Lely's most eminent pupils. The picture is of particular interest as evidencing Davison's skill in depicting the texture of dress materials

"My Goodness — My Guinness"

G. E. 779 B

THE £1,000-A-WEEK GIRL: Sonja Henie, greatest skating phenomenon of the day, giving an exhibition at Madison Square Garden, New York City, where bumper audiences always turn up to see her graceful and spectacular displays of skill. Since she joined the ranks of the professionals she has made at least £50,000 a year and has done so well, indeed, that she has refused to spare more than a limited amount of time to films, despite Hollywood's tempting offers

THE SWISS CHAMPION SHOWS HER PACES: Angela Anderes reveals a superb sense of balance in this picture taken on the Grand Rink at St. Moritz, where she is a great favourite with the winter sports crowds

Grace on the Ice

IN PERFECT HARMONY: Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cliff, the British Amateur Pair Skating Champions, doing an "outside forward spiral" while practising on the Queen's Ice Rink, Bayswater, for the World Championships which were due to begin to-day (Saturday) at Budapest. Mr. and Mrs. Cliff have held the British title since 1933 and in 1936 represented this country at the Olympic Games. *On left*—Sonja Henie doing a spectacular leap at Madison Square Garden. As a professional it is clear she has lost none of her old mastery

SOUTH AFRICA PUTS

Students and Parents Wear Costumes of 100 Years

WITH GREY TOP HAT, FLOWERED WAISTCOAT, AND NEWLY-GROWN BEARD this young graduate draws an admiring glance from his mother who is also dressed in the costume of 100 years ago. A picture taken on Graduation Day at Pretoria University which had a very special significance on this occasion in view of the nation-wide celebrations to mark the centenary of the Great Trek which brought about the foundation of the Transvaal. Nearly all present wore pioneer dress

BEAUTY ADORNED in the costume of Voortrekker times on Graduation Day at Pretoria University which took place just before the dedication of the Voortrekker monument in Pretoria and reflected the intense national feeling that is such a marked feature of contemporary life in the Union. Celebrations were held in every town and city in the country

THE MAN OF FASHION AND THE FARMER of Voortrekker days are represented by these two pictures. The young man on the left is dressed like a Cape Town citizen of the 1830's while he on the right has clothes typical of the small veldt landowner of the same period. Clad thus the farmer would go to church to hear the pastor's fiery judgments

SHE HERSELF KNEW THE PIONEERING DAYS before the Rand became an El Dorado and when Kruger ruled in patriarchal fashion over a people who thought more often in terms of the scriptures than of wealth. A charming study of an old lady who came in old-time dress to see a grandchild take a degree

THEIR ANCESTORS FOUGHT POVERTY AN make a new world in the hinterland far the inheritors of that world pay tribute as they dressed. This man in his cord a magnificent couple as they strode

S BACK THE CLOCK

ars Ago on Graduation Day at Pretoria University

SYMBOL OF MODERNITY: The imposing tower of Pretoria's new Town Hall where the Graduation Day ceremonies took place and the vast concourse of parents and students put back the clock by wearing costumes of 100 years ago

Y AND HARDSHIP to trek northward across the Vaal and to d far beyond the limits of nineteenth-century civilisation, and now ibute to the pioneers by putting back the clock and dressing just corduroy suit and his wife in her bonnet and flowing gown made rode into Pretoria Town Hall for the graduation ceremony

THIS GIRL GRADUATE WORE MORTAR BOARD AND GOWN, but her friend was resplendent in a flowered waistcoat, tail coat, and muffler of the type favoured by his Voortrekker ancestors. Like many young South Africans he grew the beard specially for the celebrations and once they were over shaved it off, the hair, together with that of hundreds of others, being used in the making of a special centenary carpet

IT WAS A PROUD DAY FOR THIS SOUTH AFRICAN FARMER AND HIS WIFE when they came to Pretoria to see their son receive his degree. Physically they are typical of the Union's sturdy farming community, which has so many of the Dutch domestic virtues and is so well fitted to farm a land where gruelling hard work is essential if a living is to be won. The African farmer is a very individual type, having little in common with the town dweller who does not share his deep-seated religious feeling

BRISTOL'S 18TH-CENTURY GLORIES

Are Typified by "Georgian House"; a Handsome Gift to the Corporation

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ELEGANCE is perfectly expressed in the drawing-room at Georgian House, the Bristol residence which has been presented to the Corporation by Canon R. T. Cole, and has just been opened by Lord Balniel

A HANDSOME FOUR-POSTER in one of the bedrooms of Georgian House. In another room is a collapsible bed used by William of Orange during his campaigns and acquired by a squire of Dyrham when with the King in Holland. *On right*—An exterior view of Georgian House, a residence typical of Bristol architecture in the late 18th century. There are many charming homes of this type still in existence in the city, and at the moment a big effort is being made to preserve them

THE DINING ROOM in Georgian House is another great feature of the new museum. The furniture, which has been loaned from historic Dyrham Park, Wiltshire, belongs to a slightly earlier part of the eighteenth century than does the house itself

WITH ITS WHITE-WASHED WALLS AND STONE FLOOR the kitchen in Georgian House is a most attractive place and some of the 18th-century cooking utensils naturally make an instant appeal to the housewife. Above the fireplace are two spits

Brief interlude

Our learned friends, to do them justice, certainly know what's what. Observe the whisky in the glasses (Exhibits A and B). It is Johnnie Walker. And if anybody asks "What is Johnnie Walker?" he is obviously no judge of fine whisky. Johnnie Walker is not merely a fine whisky. It is all the finest whiskies of Scotland, aged and mellowed in the wood, and most skilfully blended into one.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker**—

"Mais oui, Monsieur—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

A Page of Personal Interest

A LILY-LADEN BRIDE

With her gossamer veil blown by the breeze and a bunch of lilies in her hand, Miss Noel Murray made a delightful picture as she arrived at Savoy Chapel for her marriage to Surgeon Lieut.-Commander Louis Corbett

ALPINE SKI-SCAPE

Preparing for the downhill run; a picture from that Swiss skiers' paradise, the Jungfraujoch. She is wearing the latest thing in practical ski-ing kit; the trousers tapering sharply at the ankles

BOAT DECK POSE

On left—This is South American-born Evelyn Ankhers, a charming English girl, who has been chosen to play the lead in the first picture to be produced in the Argentine's first film studio. When this picture was taken Miss Ankhers was adopting one of those boat deck poses, so much beloved by press photographers, on board the *Almanzora* as it was about to leave Southampton for Buenos Aires

THE KISS OF FRIENDSHIP

On right—The Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, joint master of the Oakley, bestrides her mount, and her mount exchanges greetings with a friendly hound. A picture taken at a meet at Colworth House, Sharnbrook, Beds.

A FINE FEATURE OF THE NEW CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, legislative and business headquarters of the Church of England, will be the classically-designed chapel, work on which is now progressing. This is a scale model

A STRANGE BREAK-AWAY FROM PREVAILING MODES is provided by the new building of the Institut Français, the educational centre in Queensberry Way, South Kensington. The architects are Mr. Albert J. Thomas, F.R.I.B.A., and M. Bonnet, architect in chief to the French Government

Drawn by Veronica Haigh

LAMB'S HOUSE AT LEITH IS TO BECOME A MARITIME MUSEUM, and arrangements have been made to recondition it for its new function. It is intended that the scope of the museum shall range from the earliest days of Scottish sailing vessels to the end of the general use of sailing ships. The museum will illustrate, in particular, the trade between Leith and the ports of northern Europe. The house was built not long before Mary Queen of Scots landed at the port on August 20, 1561, and it is almost certainly the house in which Andrew Lamb, a wealthy merchant and chief citizen of Leith, entertained the Queen after she had dodged the English fleet

THE PLACE OF THE MUSEUM IN NATIONAL LIFE

Mr. S. F. Markham's Informative Report on Behalf of the Carnegie Trust

SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY discovered during his excavations at Ur of the Chaldees that a museum had been founded there some 2,500 years ago. Museums, indeed, have always been a necessity for the study of particular knowledge to be gained from seeing actual objects.

Attention has been called to the requirements and proper use of museums by the recent publication of the Report of the Museums and Art Galleries of the British Isles (other than the National Museums) for the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees. This report has been written by Mr. S. F. Markham, who has a world-wide knowledge of museums. Though perhaps mainly a report for specialists, it contains considerable interest for the ordinary reader, either as a visitor to museums, or as a ratepayer helping to maintain his local museum.

There are about 800 museums scattered over the British Isles, whereas the United States and Germany both possess over 2,500, very few towns with a population of some 30,000 being without a museum. Here our museums are disproportionately placed, some districts such as Warwickshire, through the compelling attraction of Shakespeare, having several, while others have none at all. It is surprising to learn that towns of the importance of Croydon and Grimsby are without an adequate museum.

Many museums have been founded by local enthusiasm in small towns by learned societies, housing the archæological, natural history or botanical objects of interest of the neighbourhood. In most cases these have been constituted without adequate funds for maintenance and in consequence have dwindled into dusty, ill-kempt gloom as the interest of the early founders faded.

Kelso, the beautifully situated little town on the Tweed, had a museum started by the Tweedside Philosophical and Antiquarian Society in 1834. After over a 100 years of existence it was closed in 1936, when its original capital was exhausted and subscriptions failed. The population of 3,500 was insufficient to maintain such a museum by a town rate. Many other similar museums are failing for the same cause, lack of endowments, and declining membership.

Successful small museums usually owe much to the personal interest of being the home of some famous personage in art or history, such as the home of the Brontës at Haworth, Quebec House at Westerham in Kent, the home of General Wolfe, and David Livingstone's house in Blantyre. These attract visitors from a wide area, and are not dependent upon the inhabitants alone. Apart from these historical houses there are only a very few museums in small towns with a sufficient income. The bright examples are Port Sunlight and Barnard Castle, but the greater number are, according to Mr. Markham, "doomed to eventual extinction."

The report is very severe upon the buildings in which the museum exhibits are housed. Mr. Markham appears to have great sympathy for the "scrap and rebuild" policy, though he admits that it does not appeal to the English people. He disapproves of large mansions being converted into museums, maintaining that they are totally unsuited for the display of the collections. But in many cases the house itself is a museum object and of considerable interest, such as Lancaster House, the home of the London Museum. In the United States the building is often the gift of some millionaire, and is designed to look important and magnificent, often to an extent exceeding the value of the collections it is to house. Like many towns in the States which are planned far ahead of the population, the museum buildings are also schemed for the collections which will possibly eventuate.

Unfortunately, not even the buildings which are erected specially for museum purposes are always perfect, the architects not having sufficient knowledge or opportunity of studying ideal conditions. A letter is quoted concerning one of these new museums:

"The architects of both the Art Gallery and the Museum are responsible for the defects; they made the cement roof too flat and made little provision for the carrying away of rain-water and melted snow, which now stands in pools on the roof till the sun or wind dries it up. Then again, they used porous stone for the coping above the brickwork. This has been painted with a preservative on three sides, but the fourth, the underside, which is close to the brickwork and the cement, was not painted. The builder who built the Museum says the roofs of both buildings will never be watertight till this coping is taken off and a dampcourse of lead sheeting or other material put underneath it." A sad story which may perhaps be echoed by many who live in modern private houses and who find themselves the victims of new and untried materials.

A MUSEUM IN AN OLD CHURCH: The St. Peter Hungate Church Museum at Norwich is one of several examples in this country of ecclesiastical buildings put to this use, writes Mr. S. F. Markham in his report

School visits to the museums form a special section of the Report, pictures being given of the children sitting on their special cushions in one of the rooms listening to a lecture. These educational visits to museums during school hours receive high approbation from certain authorities, but there are others who recognise various objections.

The L.C.C. Education Department have now taken the Horniman Museum and the Geffrye Museum directly under their control and rearranged them to make them more attractive for children and school education. There are also several museums, such as at Manchester, Norwich, Newport (Mon.), Leicester, Newbury, and at Haslemere (a town with a population under 10,000), which give special attention to these visits, and even provide a room for the lecture and to which the exhibits are brought for personal inspection. Some teachers find these visits most helpful to their work, particularly with those children who respond more readily to something outside the classroom work.

The objections raised to the visits by other teachers are the length of time involved in travelling (naturally enjoyed by the children themselves), the consequent distraction causing difficulty in subsequent concentration, and thereby loss of ordinary tuition. It has been found by practical experience that the guide lecturer attached to the museum is not too well qualified for keeping the attention of children, and the Board of Education point out that "the best results are likely to be obtained where the teachers previously have the help of the museum staff in planning the lessons, but are themselves responsible for the instruction actually given on the visit." It may also be questioned whether these visits, exciting as they may be to the children, breaking the monotony of the classroom work, are having altogether beneficial results as regards the average school-child whose attainments in elementary work such as reading and writing are sometimes so deplorably low.

CONTRASTING ARRANGEMENT IN STAFFORDSHIRE: The Wednesbury Art Gallery (above), which was erected in 1891, and the modern Bilston Art Gallery (below) clearly show how the science of museology has changed. These pictures form the frontispiece of the Markham report on Britain's Museums and Art Galleries

Another objection to these visits, raised by the curators of some learned societies and art galleries, is that the inrush of children disturbs and annoys the adult visitor and research worker for whom the museum was originally founded. A few museums still protect themselves from the child nuisance by a small admission fee and insistence upon the accompaniment of adults. This point of view is obviously regarded by Mr. Markham as unprogressive, and no sympathy is shown for those who find museums intolerable when occupied by children rushing about every room with no other apparent object than delight in movement.

(Continued on page 260)

"MEMORY OF CLAVERING": This etching, with a quotation from William Browne's "Vision," is included in the memorial exhibition of the works of Frederick Griggs, recently held at the Colnaghi Galleries and now moved to Cheltenham Art Gallery where it is attracting much attention. Griggs lived in a world of his own, gathering around him, in imagination, all the stately beauties of old stone and the homely charms of timber and brick, as in this "memory" of an Essex village

ROUND the ART GALLERIES

The Frederick Griggs Memorial Exhibition

A MEMORIAL Exhibition of the works of Frederick Griggs has just moved to Cheltenham after being shown at the Colnaghi Galleries in Bond Street.

"BEAR CUB," BY JUSSI MÄNTYNEN: One of the striking animal sculptures by a distinguished Finnish artist, whose work is to be exhibited next week at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. Many years of study in the Finnish forests have given Mäntynen a really wonderful knowledge of zoological behaviourism

Frederick Griggs will always be remembered as one of the finest etchers in the history of this alluring craft, but probably few people have realised his versatility, and this awe-inspiring collection of etchings, pen and pencil drawings, water colours, book-covers, needlework designs and designs for gardens and choice examples of his calligraphic achievements is brought together to make a really impressive exhibition.

All artists create their own worlds to live in, and Frederick Griggs created a very wonderful and lovely world of his own, filled with the architectural glories of a bygone age—when the medieval craftsman worked for the love of his God and artistic perfection—and lit by shafts of sunlight which might have come from the clerestory windows of a magnificent cathedral, touching with golden light exquisite details of fine workmanship rendered even more lovely in contrast with their rich vibrating shadows.

In his etching *Memory of Clavering* religious emphasis adds to the sheer beauty of the quiet dark street with the sunlight on the corner buildings—the serried buttresses seem to express a quiet guardianship—a permanent, peaceful beauty in an idealised England. On February 22 the Fine Art Society are opening two very interesting exhibitions: one of fascinating animal sculpture, by a Finnish artist, Jussi Mäntynen, the other of attractive water-colour paintings of Ireland, by Frank Egginton, A.R.C.A., son of the famous water-colourist of Scottish scenes.

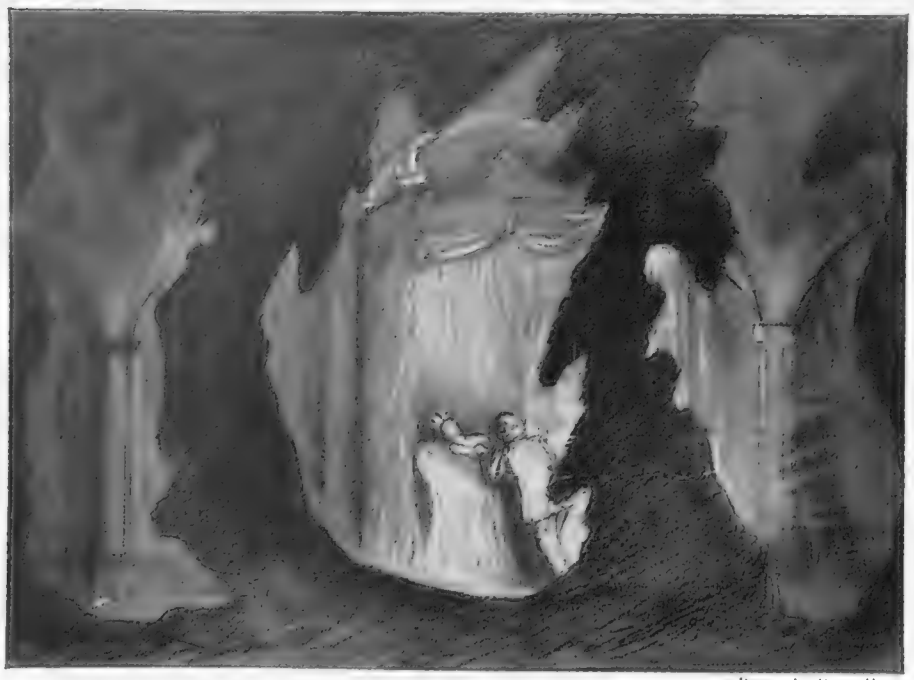
(Continued on page 258)

IN THE PHIL MAY MANNER: Economy of line is the dominant feature of the lithographic work of Edmond Kapp, who is holding a one-man show of paintings and drawings at Wildenstein's, 147, New Bond Street, W.1

Stanley Spencer Reverts to the Orthodox

STANLEY SPENCER IS REVEALED IN AN ENTIRELY NEW LIGHT in this pre-Raphaelite style painting, "Garden View, Cookham Dean," which is included in the Exhibition of Pictures for Collectors of Contemporary British Painting just concluded at the galleries of Arthur Tooth and Sons, 155 New Bond Street. The human element is here completely absent

CATHERINE II PLAYS CHESS WITH A ROBOT OPPONENT: One of the big moments in *Le Joueur D'Echecs*, the brilliant French film which came to the Berkeley Cinema, Mayfair, on February 13 and is in part based on actual happenings at the Russian court. The role of Catherine is played by Francoise Rosay. *Below*—Conrad Veidt as Baron Kempelen, the kindly eccentric whose hobby was the manufacture of life-like models which sang and danced under his control



Drawn by Percy Home

PRINCE CHARMING BREAKS THE SPELL OF THE WICKED FAIRY and the Princess Aurora awakes from her deep sleep in the spell-bound palace. An impression of "The Awakening" scene in the classic ballet, *The Sleeping Princess*, which has just been produced at Sadlers Wells, representing one of the most ambitious projects ever carried out at that enterprising theatre. The palace interior is here seen through a cut-piece representing the dense forest

A Brilliant Young —At the

Miss Lilli Palmer's Good Acting

FEW more interesting personalities have been seen on the London stage within the last couple of years than Miss Lilli Palmer, who reappeared last week at the Strand Theatre in a farcical comedy, *Little Ladyship*, of which more anon.

For the time being more about Miss Palmer. She is described everywhere as a Viennese. She is not. She comes from Berlin, so she told me herself, and left that city for the same reason that plenty of other charming and clever people have been leaving it of late—in short, because she was compelled to. She then went to Paris and did cabaret work in a night restaurant—I know the place well—in the Rue Pigalle. The next step was film work. This absurdly young, ridiculously pretty and astonishingly clever girl made her stage debut in London in a short-lived piece at the Garrick Theatre, *The Road to Gandahar*, which had its shortcomings but deserved to live much longer than it did. She gave a brilliant performance, and so did Mr. Martyn Walker as a drunken bully.

Lilli next turns up at that pleasant mid-Victorian theatre at Richmond (which is a long way from the Rue Pigalle) to be equally brilliant in a sordid play about French soldiers in a French provincial town; I forget the name of it, which does not matter anyway. This is followed by a vivid portrait of a young girl marooned, more or less, in the Galapagos Islands (which are even farther from the Rue Pigalle than Richmond) and quite ignorant of what really nice people describe as the Facts of Life. Except for Miss Palmer's performance and the fact that it was at the Apollo Theatre, I forget all about that effort, including its name—and again it does not matter.

Now this is quite an exceptional run of bad luck for any actress; when the actress in question has exceptional qualities there is something uncanny about it. Not that there is anything uncanny about Miss Palmer, who is a cheery little soul and a bit of a philosopher, too. I trust *Little Ladyship* will have a long innings at the Strand, partly because I like all plays, except nonsensically pretentious and deliberately nasty ones, to have long runs (if I don't like them I don't have to pay a return visit) and partly because, although it is far from a great play even on its own lines, Miss Palmer deserves the novel experience of having to arrive nightly at the same theatre for more than a week or so.

The statement on the programme that the piece has been adapted from the Hungarian looms rather ominously. For there has been a long, long list of plays, by Molnar and so on, which may have been mighty masterpieces in the land of paprika and Magyar melodies but which have proved uncommonly dull in their English form. As against this, the adapter is Ian Hay, who not only knows all there is to know about his job, both in this respect and as an original playwright, but has had a long-lasting and well-deserved lucky break (though he did have a set-back at the Haymarket recently with some whimsical American exportation which not even he could lick into shape).

For Miss Palmer *Little Ladyship* is in both senses child's play. Most of the time she has to look like a child, and a school-child at that, which she is physically able to do without the least effort. Also, her job in this case calls for little more than charm and some graceful romping. When there is a chance to add something else she seizes hold of it good and hard; but such chances do not occur often.

The story of a very young girl, freakishly young for her age, married to a famous doctor of thirty-five, knighted for his achievements, has far more improbability about it than the knighting of a doctor at thirty-five whatever he may happen to have achieved. The girl-wife is bored, so goes back to school, this time looking about twelve, is wooed by the mathematics master, and eventually is discovered by, and returns to, her husband, no wiser and certainly no sadder.

For of all stage females she was about the most foolish. A defence, I notice, has been put up that this is really the sort of thing which can easily happen in London, since a year or so ago it did happen, a married woman actually donning a school-girl's uniform and turning up in the class-room day after day. As evidence, the incident does not amount to much. I have seen a woman with a beard in a circus side-show; but that does not make a bearded woman a normal sight.

Little Ladyship might have been either very funny or very indecent. It might even have been both. It is neither. But I did find it fairly amusing on the whole. And there are Mr. Cecil Parker and Mr. Archibald Batty, clever actors, both, to help it along. And, of course, there is Miss Lilli Palmer.

Pantomime in Retrospect.—The pantomime season is waning, if, indeed, it has not already waned. Pantomime will never die; but pantomime is not so lively as it was when, almost as a matter of course, it lasted until Easter. Of the pantomimes in Central London, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, both have come to an honourable and, I fancy, a profitable end. The former ended its run in a spirit of not only high, but appropriate carnival. The Royal Opera House

A VIGOROUS FARCE: Billy Edmund Gwenn in *Worth a* the Saville and was received Claude Hulbert, as the moronic appearance, while with great energy although, review last week, the part

ACTRESS goes to SCHOOL STRAND THEATRE

in a Moderately Amusing Play

has every excuse for trotting out its operatic scenery, of which it has an extensive stock, at pantomime time.

At one dramatic moment in *Red Riding Hood* platoons of delectably sonsy Scots lassies marched and countermarched, as I mentioned at the time, to the lilt of "Comin' Thro' the Rye." This they did with great agility. They also did it on the piece of scenery sacred in the summer time to the Farewell of Brünnhilde and Wotan—that is to say, on the Valkyries' Rock.

During weeks of pantomime this odd fact had passed practically unnoticed. On the last night something rich and rare had been arranged. When the fun on the Valkyries' Rock was at its height (if you can call the evolutions of Scots females, of indubitable shapeliness and allure, real fun), Mr. George Jackley decided to remind us that Covent Garden is, after all, an opera house, that Valkyrie scenery is Valkyrie scenery, and that Wagner is Wagner. Arrayed as Wotan he appeared majestically on the summit of that Wagnerian rock on the last night of the pantomime. "This isn't opera This is pantomime" came a protesting voice, "what are you doin' 'ere?" "What am I doin'?" said Wotan Jackley, Esq. "Why, I'm doin' my coupons!"

ON STAGE AND SCREEN
Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

I have seen nearly every well-known Wotan from Van Rooy to Schorr and Bockelmann. But for grace of gesture, charm of manner, resonance of voice, and general understanding of Wagnerian intricacy, commend me to—George Jackley.

"Nora."—It is quite a while since London has had a dose of Ibsen, and now we are in for a double dose. For *A Doll's House*, re-named, for some quite inexplicable reason, *Nora*, has been revived at the Duke of York's; and the lively *She Stoops to Conquer*, at the Old Vic, is shortly to be followed by *An Enemy of the People*, which isn't at all lively.

Now an essential thing in all such revivals is to get the Ibsen atmosphere. This, like a London fog, is easier to feel than to describe. Indeed, the only adequate description I can recall was that which prefaced an Ibsen burlesque in the dear old days of "The Follies." Harry Pelissier, dressed as Happy Henrik himself, appeared before the curtain as a sort of *compère* and said to the audience, "I want you to try to imagine that you are members of a party of vegetarian Esperantists stranded on a cold Sunday afternoon in November in a third-class waiting-room at Vauxhall." That served well enough.

If it does not wholly apply to Mr. Marius Goring's production at the Duke of York's, it is because the play has a carnival scene in it; but the production would be right off the rails if it were not, for all its many virtues, on the depressing side. For even an Ibsen toy-balloon can be pretty grim.

A Doll's House has been played in London pretty frequently. In the last revival of any importance the Nora was Miss Madge Titheradge, and very good she was.

The Duke of York's Nora, Miss Lucie Mannheim, has shown herself to be a good actress in more than one London appearance, notably in a play at the Criterion in which she showed remarkable versatility. But here she seemed to me to have missed the main conception of the character—namely, that Nora, although she rebelled against being treated like one, really did have a good deal of the butterfly in her. Miss Mannheim played the part with heavy and relentless intensity. Her "gay" *tarantella* dance was as *macabre* as Salome's posturings round the head of John the Baptist. Which is surely not what even Ibsen meant.

On the other hand, Mr. Austin Trevor, who, I am glad to note, is no longer wasting his great abilities on musical-comedy trivialities, was quite excellent as the husband. Good work, too, from Mr. John Abbott and the rest of a strong supporting company.

THE OLD VIC COMPANY IS ON TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, and one of the leading lights in a talented cast is Curigwen Lewis, the able Welsh actress, who is here seen in the frock which she wears in *Trelawney of the Wells*. Among the cities that are being visited are Lisbon, Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, Cairo, Alexandria, and Athens. A call will also be made at Malta, where the naval colony is sure to turn up in strength

Milton, Claude Hulbert, and *Million*, which recently came to with moderate enthusiasm. valet, makes a speciality of a Mr. Gwenn keeps the ball rolling as Philip Page pointed out in his is hardly worthy of his talents

"Zaza" (Film).—*Zaza* at the Plaza should, of course, have been produced by Mr. Bert Aza. However, it wasn't, so that's that. Zaza was another heroine of the '90's, but a much naughtier one than Nora. Incidentally, Réjane also had a go at Zaza. She has been seen in London before, even as the heroine of an opera by Leoncavallo, which was not one of his triumphs. She has, too, been a film heroine before with Pauline Frederick playing her in the days of blessed silence. Of the lovable frail order, Zaza showed she had a good heart, and all the rest of it. Much has to be pardoned her, for she had a drunken mother with the soul of a pimp.

Claudette Colbert is a little over-weighted in this latest version but as charming as ever.

On right
A COLOURFUL ROLE FOR LA COLBERT: Here she is as a music-hall star of the Victorian era in the Paramount picture *Zaza*

USING YOUR HEAD

Crown it with a tiny hat of black pedal straw, tilted well forward, with the hair brushed half-way up and across the back of the head, and be sure that it has a touch of colour. This model is trimmed with the new soft pastel pink and black ostrich feathers

Wear a spotted veil and let it hang down at the back. The larger the spots the better, and if your hair is fair have them in black or blue on a blonde veil. The swirled brim gives a new line to this blue jersey hat, which is as flattering as sailors always are

"Schoolgirl" clothes are worn with bonnets and the hair caught back à la Mozart. On the right, below, is a stitched black taffeta model, trimmed with three white piqué bows and a veil that is worn over the face. All three hats come from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.

Transitional periods have a way of being extremely interesting and of producing a very high level of beauty. It is a stage through which the hair styles of the moment are passing, for there can be no doubt that exaggeratedly up-swept hair is *démodé*, though as yet no universally accepted alternative has made its appearance.

Here are two very lovely coiffures by Emile, created in his salons at 24, Conduit Street, W. The one above has soft curls arranged lengthwise across the head and piled high above the brow, with the ends swathed up and across at the back.

The girl on the right wears her hair brushed up all the way round, with the ends curled under and the top part set in slanting waves across the head. This is a charming and practical style for the woman who likes to keep her hair burnished and her head neat

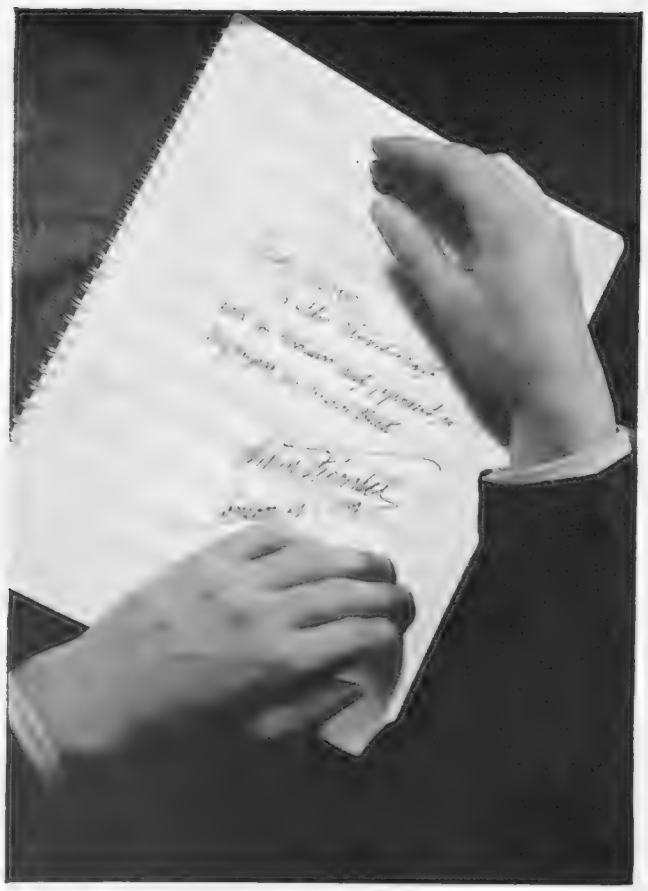
SNOW WHITE CAPTURES THE HEART OF STOCKHOLM

And Other Zoological News Pictures of Current Interest

THE BEAR WITH THE QUAINT WAYS: Three impressions of Snow White, the polar bear which was recently born in captivity at Skansen Zoo, Stockholm, and has caught the imagination of the public in much the same degree as Baby, the Giant Panda which has arrived in London from Tibet. Snow White is as yet quite harmless, being under three months of age, but he delights to sharpen his teeth on the hands of visitors who come to play with him. Soon, alas, he will have outgrown his baby ways and acquired the uncertain temper of his kind

A HAPPY SMILE FROM MARCO, reputed to be the roughest and toughest ape in captivity in Europe. He is a resident at Rome Zoo where he has just celebrated his tenth birthday. Marco was captured in Borneo at the age of five months. He can now jump 19 ft. and could easily tear an ox apart. In fact, he must be one of the strongest, healthiest specimens ever seen wild or in captivity. He lives contentedly with two wives, Julia and Lola, who are about one-third his size. Dates, citrus fruits and bananas are the main items of Marco's diet

Below—**FIREWORKS IS THE NAME,** and appropriately exuberant is the nature of this Shetland pony born a few weeks ago at London Zoo. He is pictured here enjoying a canter in the paddock on being let out for the first time



FRANZ OSBORN'S HANDS AND ARTUR SCHNABEL'S MUSIC will regale music lovers at the Wigmore Hall on Monday, when the former gives his only London recital of the season, the feature being the first performance of "Klavierstuck," which Schnabel has dedicated to Osborn. The German wording on the title-page of the score reads: "To Franz Osborn, for old friendship's sake, and confident of mutual enjoyment of this piece"

ATTILIO RANZATO, the eminent Italian 'cellist, was the guest artist at the first chamber concert of the newly-formed Italian Symphonic Society given last Sunday at the Hyde Park Hotel

À LA DURBIN: This is 27-year-old Margaret Paterson who formed her own orchestra about two years ago when she found that because of her sex she could not obtain a conductor's post. She recently conducted at the Aeolian Hall

MUSICAL NOTES

Three Clever Interpreters in London

Osborn, Ranzato, and Paterson

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MAUGHAM REACHES NEW HEIGHTS IN "CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY"

A Novel with the Quality of Greatness and, Incidentally, an Ingenious Murder

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THE other day Sir Hugh Walpole spoke a piece on the wireless in which he deplored the paucity, in contemporary literature, of what he described as "thick" novels. Dickens, for instance, was a "thick" novelist, as distinct from the "thin" masterpieces of, for instance, Miss Virginia Woolf, Mr. E. M. Forster, and Mr. Aldous Huxley. We thought at the time how well supported was this view by the popular taste which, seeking in vain among the native talent, accords best-sellerdom to a succession of thick novels from America (and in doing so seems to have developed a passion for "thick-ear" prose).

After reading the first twenty pages of Mr. Somerset Maugham's new novel, **CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), I invite the reader to pause and attempt to classify this author in easy terms. There isn't much that is rich, thick and satisfying about the Masons; nor are they disembodied intelligences drawn in taut, psychological lines. They are, in fact, a very Galsworthian family; solid middle-class, living well, and only the shortest of steps behind the current fashionable taste in painting, literature and music. On their walls were "an Utrillo and a Vuillard, both bought while these masters were of moderate price, and there was a Derain, a Marquet and a Chirico." They could appreciate Sibelius's Second, and Charley, the son, was proud of his pianoforte interpretation of Scriabin. Moreover, Mrs. Mason was a type who "naturalised whatever she wore, and although she occasionally went to the extravagance of getting a hat at Reboux, she had no sooner put it on her head than it looked as if it had come from the Army and Navy Stores."

From those twenty pages we know, understand, and even love that family; and the thickest of sagas could not accomplish more.

Christmas Holiday, however, is not about the Masons but about Charley Mason who, as a reward for his devotion to family and duty (for he had once wanted to be a painter), was given the present of a trip to Paris.

In what subsequently transpires Mr. Maugham reveals his strength as a novelist. For Charley is very young and so is the sardonic iconoclast, Simon, whom he looks up when he gets to Paris; very, very young. "Ask the young," the saying goes, "they know everything." Ask the young and they will tell you that novelists of Mr. Maugham's generation know nothing about the young and invariably get everything wrong when writing about them. And goodness knows there are enough painful examples to prove their theory.

If Mr. Maugham is conscious of such a difficulty in turning the pages of the sweet-scented manuscript he never gives hint of it. Simon, for instance, is a far from ordinary young man, yet never once does he become a type. One touch of the novelist's omniscience and he might easily have become a bizarre caricature. Instead, he is an integral part of the story, individual and essential.

So it is with Lydia. The novel stands or falls by Lydia and it succeeds because the author *compels* belief in her extraordinary story and in Charley's spiritual, mental and physical bewilderment in his relations with her.

There are skilled writers who could achieve these things by a disciplined detachment. That is not Mr. Maugham's method. He is always *inside* his characters. He can play with the rapier of cynicism without yielding an inch of his humanist philosophy: he can also play upon the heart-strings without betraying his mind's integrity.

Incidentally, there is a particularly juicy and ingenious murder in this novel, for those who like murder stories. The convention in such matters is that the reviewer should not give away the plot, and it would not add to your ultimate pleasure if I told it to you now.

It is enough to say that Charley Mason returned to Bayswater a rather different young man from the one who cheerfully set out to enjoy a Christmas holiday in Paris. I have seen the words trained perspicacity and craftsmanship, matureness, coolness and rationalism used of Mr. Somerset Maugham's work. All these qualities can be found in this book. Yet there is something more. There is a moral in this novel, profound, insistent and as fundamental as to-morrow's sunrise. Only an artist, deeply sensitive to humanity's suffering, could have given it the quality of greatness.

Vitality is another quality which may be admirable and, when it is abundant, even impressive. There are some writers whose vitality seems so exuberant that it makes up for a multitude of other faults. So, at any rate, it should be in a just world, but I am not at all sure that it works out like that in practice. Exuberance can be a little wearisome, and a more selective style has its merits.

There is plenty of vitality about Mr. Lloyd Douglas's writing. **DISPUTED PASSAGE** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) seems to throb with it at times. The author has a headlong way with his prose which is not so much a style as an irresistible outpouring of words and plots and purposes, all demanding to be expressed and all, if Mr. Douglas knows anything about it, certain to find that expression at whatever cost to clarity.

The author has chosen his title, and his theme, perhaps, from those lines of Walt Whitman's: ". . . . have you not learned great lessons from those who braced themselves against you, and disputed the passage with you?"

His hero, young John Wesley Beaven, is, at the opening of the story, a young medical student attending the lectures of the redoubtable Dr. "Tubby" Forester, from whom, after nine years, he has learned enough anatomy to become his worthy successor, and the most brilliant surgeon in the Middle West city hospital. Tubby, however, is fair in one thing only: he recognises his junior colleague's ability and encourages it in his own astringent way, but he allows him no friendship, no praise, and no consideration. In all personal relationships the two men are at daggers drawn.

They exchange rather humourless insults, and they have in common only the same blind devotion to duty and the same apparent lack of interest in the humanities outside an operating theatre. This might be an acceptable theory except in one respect, and this is where sentiment rears its ugly head.

In common with those rocky gentlemen so ably portrayed in the cinema by Mr. Wallace Beery, Dr. Tubby has a heart of gold. I can't help admitting that I should have liked him better without it; but there it is. He is discovered in a humble home giving a baby its bottle. Tears come into his eyes at the sight of a young couple playing with a baby doll. He is responsible for secret acts of kindness, and rails at those who discover them. He is in the true Beery tradition, and he never comes alive as a character for a single moment.

The hero is more credible. It is only too easy to believe in someone with an elephantine approach to the lighter side of life, and in his earnest aspects he is admirable and even a little touching.

It is a breathless and sometimes a formless story, but, as I say, it has vigour; the author has a great deal to say, and that in itself is worthy of a reader's respect and consideration.

To Mr. Dennis Wheatley has been given the title of Public Thriller No. 1. The award was made, it seems, by his publishers, but even so there is a reason for it and Mr. Wheatley with his new romance, **THE QUEST OF JULIAN DAY** (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.), does his best to deserve it.

First of all, let it be said that Mr. Wheatley has no qualms about topicality. The Tutankhamen *furore* swept these receptive islands more than ten years ago, and to such a degree that it influenced the very songs in the music halls. This, as every student of English life will admit, shows a very remarkable preoccupation with what might have been no more than another item of archæological news.

Tutankhamen, however, was different. His tomb contained a good deal of exquisite workmanship and he had, as

(*Continued on page* 260)

BOOKS RECEIVED

WITHERBY.—THE YACHTSMAN'S ANNUAL AND WHO'S WHO 1938-9. Edited by K. Adlard Cole. Illustrated. 21s. ANGUS & ROBERTSON.—AUSTRALIAN PARROTS: Their Habits in the Field and Aviary. By Neville W. Cayley. Illustrated. 15s. THE LYRE-BIRD, AUSTRALIA'S WONDER SONGSTER. By R. T. Littlejohns. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. BATSFORD.—OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES. By F. J. Drake-Carnell. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. BLACKIE.—ATLANTIC CIRCLE. By Lord Moyne. Illustrated. 18s. GEOFFREY BLES.—HOMAGE: A Book of Sculptures. By K. Scott (Lady Kennet) with a commentary by Stephen Gwynn. 30s. LAND BENIGHTED. By Barbara Greene. 7s. 6d. A BOOK OF MARVELS OF THE EAST. By Richard Halliburton. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. CAMBRIDGE.—WILD COUNTRY. By F. Fraser Darling. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—CHATEAUBRIAND. By Andre Maurois. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—MADAME DU BARRY. By Erhard Brietner. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—THE DOME OF DEVOTION. By Glorney Bolton. Illustrated. 15s. DENT.—COSTUME AND FASHION: THE TUDOR PERIOD. Book I and Book II. By Herbert Norris. Illustrated. 63s. set of 2 books. ROBERT HALE.—ANTHONY EDEN. By Alan Campbell Johnson. Illustrated. 15s. A NEW HOLY ALLIANCE. By Emil Ludwig. 3s. 6d.

FACETS OF LIFE AT HOME:

A Charming Mayfair Wedding : Two Judges Appointed to the King's Bench : A Bus Girl's Scholarship: Sir Reginald Meets the N.F.U.

HE PLANTAGENET BRIDE: Miss Joan Cull leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after her marriage to Mr. P. J. Gold, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment. She wore a gown fashioned on the style of the Richard II period, the cream crêpe being richly embroidered in gold

NEW PILLARS OF THE LAW: Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., and Mr. H. I. P. Hallett, M.C., K.C., pictured as they were on their way to be sworn-in as Justices of the King's Bench Division. Neither appointment was unexpected and both men have acted as Commissioners of Assize. Mr. Cassels was called to the Bar in 1908 and was in Parliament for a number of years

FAT PLANTS WITHOUT THINNING: Hans Koch (left), a Vienna market gardener, who is now a refugee at Tyn-y-Cae Hostel, Brecon, has a system of seed-growing which might interest market gardeners in this country. Instead of growing seeds in boxes and dividing them up for transplanting in the open, he makes hexagonal moulds of damp earth and the seed is inserted in the centre. The moulds are stored in shelves until they are ready to be planted out of doors, when the whole mould is put into the ground. The system saves considerable expense, and results are obtained three weeks earlier

VALOUR'S REWARD: Mr. Edward Kent (left) receiving the Royal Humane Society's medal and certificate from Superintendent Martin at Hackney Police Station. The award was made in recognition of his bravery in saving a man overcome by fumes while working in a narrow pipe

Below

OLD COLLEAGUES MEET: Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith (hands in pockets), the new Minister of Agriculture, in conversation with delegates of the National Farmers' Union with whom he at one time worked and whom he received at his Ministry a few days ago

URGE IN THE BUS WORLD: Miss Mary Durkin, a Barnsley bus conductress, has won a scholarship offered by the Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. Only one scholarship is offered to British students, who must be women trade unionists. She will take a two-months course and spend a month travelling in the United States

An "EIGHT" with the POWER of a "TWELVE"

On the Road with the Latest 8-h.p. Morris

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

HALT AT MAJOR FLOOD AHEAD! A scene typical of that which long-suffering motorists have had to endure during the recent past in all parts of England

DURING the past month or two I have tested a number of new models and as each one is handed over to me I wonder if it is going to impress me as much as the previous cars did. I feel sometimes that one must come along sooner or later which will prove a disappointment.

The latest car I have had out on test has been an 8-h.p. Morris. This striking example of a British light car was certainly not disappointing. In fact, its performance, its appearance and its price make me marvel how a manufacturer can produce such an article and charge so little for it. When I first sat in this Morris Eight I was immediately impressed with the amazing amount of room inside the car. One's ideas about being cramped in a small car may have been justified in days gone by, but in this year of grace when the light car in question is a Morris Eight the whole family can get on board and be truly comfortable. Not only is there plenty of room but the car from the inside and the outside definitely looks big. A few years ago it would have taken at least a 12-h.p. engine to give the car an average performance and so when the bonnet is lifted up and quite a tiny power unit is discovered the skill of Morris designers and engineers is appreciated.

On the road this car handles like a big car and is really pleasant to drive. The engine turns over smoothly but obviously pumps an amazing amount of power to the back wheels. The driver finds to his delight that he is given a four-speed gear-box to use and that synchromesh is provided on second, third and top. This refinement is just one example of the unexpected items in the specification.

Along main roads I found that the car would keep up 50 m.p.h. without any effort, shake, or noise, and if speed was desired then the speedometer needle would pass the 60 m.p.h. mark without fuss. Frequently, when I drive cars in this class I feel as if I was trying to control a tennis ball, but this Morris clung to the road like glue and even when liberties were taken with it, it stuck to its pre-determined path. The steering was light and positive and the Lockheed brakes did their job efficiently.

One morning when I was driving the car the conditions were very wintry and so I was very glad of another refinement which the manufacturers have provided. This was an opening windscreen, for owing to the coldness of the atmosphere ice formed on the screen less than a minute after it was wiped off. Other cars costing perhaps five or ten times the amount asked for this Morris were overtaken simply because their drivers could not see clearly through their fixed windscreens

One of the disadvantages usually associated with small cars is the lack of luggage accommodation. The designers of this Morris have evidently studied this matter for on the car in question I found a roomy built-in luggage container which could be opened from the outside without disturbing the passengers. The wheels are of the easy-clean type and are shod with tyres of generous dimensions. The lamps are let into the front wings and give ample light for safe driving. Another refinement is the fitting of a foot control for the dipping mechanism.

I hear that the Morris production figures this year are well above those of 1938. After having driven this Eight I am not a bit surprised. In fact, I doubt if the great firm at Cowley has ever produced a more certain winner than this car.

SAFETY LANE: Double white lines to separate opposing traffic at a dangerous bend on the Birmingham–Worcester road between Rubery and Bromsgrove

For the first time since 1935 the Segrave Trophy has been awarded to the motor industry, namely, Major A. T. G. Gardner, M.C., whose performance on a small M.G. last year has met with the strong approval of the Segrave Trophy Awarding Committee. Major Gardner's records in Germany on November 9, 1938, were taken at the amazing speed of 186 m.p.h. over the flying kilometre and flying mile.

The Awarding Committee consist of representatives of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, the Royal Automobile Club, the Royal Aero Club, the Royal Aeronautical Society, the Marine Motoring Association and the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. I cannot imagine a more useful committee than this for the work it has to do and so it is very gratifying to learn that the agreement that the award should be given to Major Gardner was unanimous.

The trophy, which was instituted to preserve the memory of the late Sir Henry Segrave, is awarded to the British subject who, in the opinion of this committee, accomplishes in the year under review the most outstanding demonstration of the possibilities of transport by land, air or water. The trophy was first awarded in 1930 to Wing-Commander C. E. Kingsford-Smith. In 1931 it went to Squadron-Leader H. J. L. Hinkler, in 1932 to Mrs. J. A. Mollison, in 1933 to Sir Malcolm Campbell, in 1934 to Mr. Kenneth Waller, in 1935 to Captain G. E. T. Eyston, in 1936 to Miss Jean Batten, and in 1937 to Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston.

In these notes some weeks ago I referred to the tendency of some drivers to use their trafficators much in the same way as a policeman gives a signal with his hand to stop the traffic. Several readers have written to me agreeing with my observations and at the same time have asked me what they should do in certain circumstances. For instance, the driver whose residence is situated on a straight portion of a busy main road wonders how he is to reach his entrance gates without using his trafficators. As he approaches his gates he has to turn right across the road in the path of cars coming in the opposite direction.

I suggest that his proper course is gradually to pull in to the near side, slowing down speed until he has stopped, and then by looking in both directions and seeing that there is no traffic approaching whatever, to draw across the road and enter his drive. Of course, if the traffic is practically continuous I agree that a difficulty arises. The only thing to be done then is to wait for a moment when the cars approaching do not appear to be going too fast and are sufficiently far away and then the appropriate signal by means of the trafficator should be made. I realise that carrying out this plan probably means delay, but personally I would prefer to be a few minutes late than to be smashed up by an approaching car which might legitimately be travelling at 70 m.p.h. and be unable to pull up in time.

Once again I must say a few more words about the Guildford by-pass. Activity in reconstruction work on this road appears to be increasing day by day and there are now no doubts whatever in my mind that the result of this activity will be a certain amount of super-elevation on two of the worst bends which motorists on this road have to negotiate. As I mentioned before, on one of these bends where work is in progress one-way traffic has been instituted and is controlled by an automatic traffic light system obviously operated by the old-fashioned method of a definite time interval. Motorists are so exasperated by being held up for minutes on end with nothing coming in the opposite direction that they now frequently disregard the red light, which incidentally has no notice attached to it that it is authorised by the police. No great risk is occasioned by this disregard of the lights because there is ample room for cars to pass each other.

On the other hand, just outside Ripley on the Portsmouth road, still in the County of Surrey, workmen are digging up the road, apparently for post-office cables. No control over traffic is exercised and at one point cars cannot pass each other, with the result that accidents are quite likely to occur. The contractors are still messing about with the road between the Devil's Punchbowl, Hindhead, and Thursley. I cannot remember ever having noticed any job taking such a long time.

THE LATEST HUMBER SNIPE is not only an extremely good-looking car but possesses outstanding road performance, and with a high power to weight ratio it has brilliant acceleration and top gear capacity

DUNLOP Fort

THE TYRE WITH TEETH FOR *YOUR* SAFETY

THE ART OF FRANK EGGINTON: *Above*—"Roscoe, Killary Harbour, Connemara," and *(below)* "Interior of an Irish Cottage." Two water-colours in this artist's show which will open next week at the galleries of the Fine Art Society

CHECKING THE WRECKER

(Continued from page 234)

"Sabotage in the blue," or that affecting aircraft, is manifestly on the increase. Nearly all countries, including ourselves, have mysteriously lost latest types of machine. A £100,000 Boeing flying fortress, which crashed in flames after two engines had failed, was found to have had steel wool placed between the valves and valve seatings, thereby stopping the flow of petrol from tanks to motor. Our own Fairey bombers have had holes drilled in their tanks, have had their electric cable-leads severed. Another method is to tamper with the fuel feed pipe. Pretty awful, coldly sending men aloft to their deaths in this fashion. And even where loss of aircraft or death are avoided, there still remains the repair work, disorganising and slowing up production. All of which reposes in the book of words of the "enemy within."

Well over 100,000 new aircraft workers are on the job in this country, so that the desirability of discreet but continuous observation, especially of boys, need not be laboured.

A purge resulted from such observation at Devonport when clearly something had to be done among dockhands following sabotage on a string of war vessels: incipient fires or electric wiring trouble successively reported in *Royal Oak*, *Cumberland*, the destroyers *Velox* and *Griffin*, *H 28* and *L 57*, the submarine *Oberon*, *Repulse* and *Warspite*—though the last was denied. U.S. warships have suffered from sand and brass dust being put in the machinery.

Our naval sabotage increased in ratio to the rise of Mediterranean tension, the obvious inference being that it was done to prevent warships joining the Fleet—and who knows but that the same thing will occur again?

F. T.

ROUND THE ART GALLERIES

(Continued from page 249)

Jussi Mäntynen, a keen animal-lover, has devoted many years to the study of wild animal life in the Finnish forests, and this training in observation, coupled with the fact that for some time he was chief taxidermist to the University Zoological Museum in Helsingfors, has helped him to obtain a brilliant and complete knowledge of animal characteristics and habits. Not only is this visible in the form and very convincing arrangement of his groups, but even more so in the clever selection of textured materials most suitable for each particular representation.

Reproduced here are excellent examples of this feature of his work. The polished bronze of the lynx shines with all the "slinky" characteristics of its cat-like original. The baby bear in granite is delightfully "teddie bearish," and the group of bears in wood is a capital example of a craft which has for many years been a characteristic feature of Finnish rustic art.

At the Wildenstein Galleries Edmond Kapp is exhibiting his first show of paintings, together with a comprehensive collection of drawings and lithographs. Although for many years the artist has been known and appreciated for his caricatures and pencil drawings it is only during the last three years that he has turned wholeheartedly to expressing himself in colour.

His portraits are particularly pleasing, especially those carried out in a rather dry, broken technique peculiar to the artist. "Maria" (No. 22) and "Mongolian Flautist" (No. 29) are very striking impressions of this type of work.

The Tooth Galleries have just finished an exhibition of "Pictures for Collectors" of contemporary British painting which seems to have had an unusual share of publicity.

Stanley Spencer, whose work has caused so much comment from time to time, reveals himself in an entirely new light in his pre-Raphaelite style of paintings, "Landscape" and "Garden View, Cookham Dean." The effective handling of the details of trees and shrubbery in the latter expresses the unrepeated pattern design reminiscent of a Japanese picture — a technique and precision of handling that is at once arresting and satisfying.

Frank Egginton's work is, in technique, very similar to that of his father's. Having selected Ireland as the inspiration of his water-colours, he stays ten months of the year in that rain-swept Emerald Isle absorbing its atmosphere and character. Without doubt water-colour is the obvious medium to catch and represent the fleeting effects of sun and rain, and Mr. Egginton's brush is particularly competent to do so.

"LANE IN LAMORNA" BY S. H. GARDINER: A striking winter study at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. Mr. Gardiner has lived in Cornwall for many years

Go where the sun is shining

You can be in South Africa within a fortnight and the voyage need not be expensive. There are a number of Steamship Services by which the return passage ranges from

£47 TOURIST CLASS; £65 CABIN CLASS
£72 ALL ONE CLASS;
£85 SECOND CLASS; and £122 FIRST CLASS.

Inclusive hotel tariffs vary from 12/6 a day. Everyday pleasures cost little, e.g., golf at from 1/6 to 2/6 a day.

It is essentially a year to escape the added strain of Winter and to recuperate in the warmth of the South African sun.

Consult your local Travel Agent or the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2.

SOUTH AFRICA

This England . . .

Oxfordshire—from the Chilterns nr. Stokenchurch

CRY not too swiftly with the good Dr. Johnson upon words "not yet refined from the grossness of domestic use." For many are much older than we who find them new. When you "rummage" among words (an Elizabethan term for stowing the hold of a ship) you find that the "chap" or chapman who is your "boss" has in this last a name that has travelled six thousand miles from Holland via the Newer World. And if, like distant forebears, you go upon a "hike" and fatigue o'ertakes you, remember that luncheon is but a confusion with the ancient "nuncheon"—Middle English none-chenche—or midday draught. Then should you pour yourself a Worthington; a more youthful name for an old, old beer, refined these centuries past for domestic use.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE CARDINALS (Continued from page 228)

such a man. He is one of the Holy See's most capable jurists. Aged sixty-one, Cardinal since 1935, Cardinal Massimi helps to administer the affairs of the Oriental Church as well as those of the congregations of sacraments and religion.

To close the list of what are considered to be possibly successful Italian candidates for the papal throne and the symbolic fisherman's ring, there is sixty-five-year-old Federico Cardinal Tedeschini, easily the most aristocratic and congenial figure of the Sacred College. In personality he is compared to Pope Benedict XV. Ever since he became Cardinal in 1933, he has been one of the most energetic and enterprising Princes of the Church.

But supposing a foreign Pope is elected? There is American sixty-seven-year-old George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, who received his rank in 1924. With Arthur Cardinal Hinsley he is one of the two most outstanding foreigners.

The Vatican knows that American Catholics would like to have an American Pope and that they have frequently expressed that wish. Against the suitability of an American Pope is the fact that he would be lacking in European background and unfamiliar with the psychology of European peoples.

Another candidate from the New World is fifty-eight-year-old Giacomo Cardinal Copello, Archbishop of Buenos Aires, and Cardinal since 1935. South America has 61,000,000 Catholics.

The youngest Papal possibility is fifty-four-year-old Giustinian Cardinal Seredi of Hungary. As Archbishop of Strigonia, he was made Cardinal in 1927, because of his collaboration with Cardinal Gasparri in formulating the Code of Canon Law.

An able, astute militant diplomat, fervent anti-Communist, Augusto Cardinal Hlond, Archbishop of Gnesna and Posnania in Poland, comes, like Pope Pius himself, from sturdy peasant stock. He is fifty-seven years old, and was created Cardinal in 1927. When Pius was Nuncio to Poland, Augusto Hlond fought side by side with him against the infiltration of Communism into his homeland, Poland.

Those who think that the election of Arthur Cardinal Hinsley would be advantageous to the Church in spite of his age of seventy-three years point out that Cardinal Hinsley's selection would be made primarily to bring the Vatican out of Italy.

THE GROWTH OF THE GRID

(Continued from page 238)

electricity was low. Now three efficient stations can do the work. In fact, in the last year for which figures are obtainable, out of 162 stations operating for the Central Electricity Board, 15 stations provided more than 50 per cent. of the electricity; 21 ran the full 8,760 hours, and 7 were not needed at all. Every year the inefficient or unnecessary stations are being closed down.

The result has been a saving in machinery of about £18,000,000 and in fuel alone the saving is in the neighbourhood of £2,000,000 a year. And each year the economy increases with the increase of demand. And how the demand does increase! Since 1927 the annual demand has risen from 7,000,000,000 units to 22,905,000,000 units. Industry is being spread over the country, drawn away from crowded towns to more suitable places.

CONTINUATIONS

The great steel works of Stewarts and Lloyds have been moved from the Scottish industrial area to rural Corby in Northamptonshire. It is an all-electric factory now, fed from the Grid. Lever Brothers, Port Sunlight, now takes 40,000,000 units a year from the Grid—the equivalent of a town the size of Halifax, or Plymouth, or Aberdeen.

It is impossible to see where the work of the Grid will end. At the moment new consumers are being added at the rate of 800,000 a year!

THE PLACE OF THE MUSEUM IN NATIONAL LIFE (Continued from page 248)

Though Mr. Markham has an appreciation of the value of the research work of museums and their services to students and investigators, and even concedes the propriety of the Ashmolean Museum conducting its great institution on its own specialist lines, he has a definite leaning to the popularisation of museums. He insists that their task "is not primarily that of assisting a narrow field of research scholars or potential artists, but rather of bringing enlightenment and knowledge to the average wage-earner and his family." However much one may differ from this statement, agreeing with the Carnegie Trustees who in their foreword state, "it must not be assumed that they endorse all the views," yet the whole Report is well worth studying and will undoubtedly do much to stimulate new energy. Although Mr. Markham may be over lenient, for some of us, with the gummy-fisted children who mark every case within reach, he has much to tell us concerning the proper management of museums, such as the better display of exhibits, the accurate informative labelling, necessity for good catalogues, and the general improvement in attractiveness. Besides, he shows a delightful human touch every now and again.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 254)

well, the prestige of a real dyed-in-the-wool curse, reputed to work on generation to generation of those who should disturb his rest. For many months his *réclame* was enormous, from Luxor to the rue Royale, and then the phase passed.

Mr. Wheatley recalls it with his new adventure story, even if its circumstances are widely different. Egypt is the scene of young Julian Day's exploits, and the tombs of the ancient emperors are his kicking-off grounds. I need hardly say that Mr. Wheatley makes a very exciting thing out of his story, and spares neither the horses nor the probabilities.

Wireless for the Blind.—Lord Southwood's Christmas Day appeal on behalf of the British "Wireless for the Blind" Fund raised the sum of £33,800—the largest amount ever received by any charity as a direct result of a broadcast appeal.

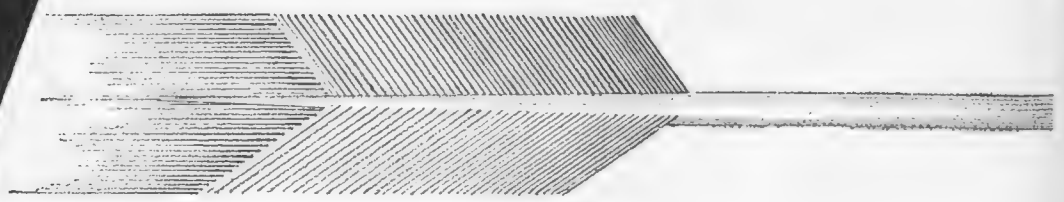
In his appeal, Lord Southwood promised to see that the sum of 5s. was added to every £1 received. With this addition, the fund will reach the handsome total of about £42,000.

Lord Southwood in a broadcast message a few nights ago took the opportunity of thanking all who had responded. He said that every one of the thousands of blind people who were without wireless when the appeal was made would now be provided with a set of their own. In addition, too, Lord Southwood revealed that the majority of those whose sets are old-fashioned will now be equipped with new sets of the very latest type.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At Fordham House, the London Technical School and Hostel of this Society, boys who do not work in the tailoring or shoemaking shops are found jobs in employment in which they are best fitted. One boy, aged fifteen, desiring to be a clerk, was found a position in September last, and the following extract from a letter he recently received from his employers shows what progress he is making: "We are pleased to inform you that we are very pleased with the manner in which you have carried out your duties and the attention given to same, and have decided to increase your salary as from January 1, 1939. We are quite confident that you will continue to give every attention to your duties during the coming year as in the past." Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations and help to give more poor boys a similar start in life. Donations and legacies are urgently needed and readers should send donations to "F. H.," 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, the Headquarters of the Society.

GO



Advice of prominent car manufacturers for 1939 is "Go—don't wait to warm up. **Drive straight off after starting.**" Reason is that nine out of ten new cars will have automatic chokes. They give quicker warming up, save cylinder wear. But they demand petrol equally quick on the up-take. Shell, 100% pure and fortified with "re-formed" petrol, is exceptionally volatile and perfectly suited to modern conditions.

SHELL FOR GO FOR SHELL

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Owning a Humber is by no means the prerogative of those to whom price is of no account. Rather is it a matter deserving of emphasis that Humber Ownership can in fact be your personal pride at surprisingly reasonable cost. The name of Humber instinctively implies quality, yet Humber prices are a good deal lower than perhaps you imagine.

HUMBER

THE SIXTEEN from **£345** | THE SNIPE from **£355** | THE SUPER SNIPE from **£385** | THE IMPERIAL from **£515** | THE PULLMAN from **£750**

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY. *London Showrooms & Export Div.:* ROOTES LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

WHERE THE GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION WILL BE HELD: Looking from Telegraph Hill to the island in the centre of San Francisco Bay, scene of the big Pacific Coast exhibition which will rival the New York World's Fair in extent and magnificence. The two events will doubtless attract enormous numbers of European travellers to the United States this summer. Our King and Queen will probably see the World's Fair

THIS year the United States with two big exhibitions, the World's Fair at New York and the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco, is likely to attract more travellers from this country than for some time. Not only is there the important factor of these events but the trade pact which came into operation at the beginning of the year has presented opportunities for business development which many people in this country, particularly in the north, have not been slow to recognise. In several of the cities there are schemes for parties to make the journey across the Atlantic.

The shipping lines are again operating special excursion rates, the periods being April 3 to April 23, and June 26 to July 23. The return may be made within twenty-eight days of landing. That gives time to see a good deal, not only of New York and the Fair, but some of the other cities, and I think many will try to include Canada in their travels. It is a sound idea to make the voyage one way on the Canadian route.

Carnival Time.—This is the great month of carnivals in France. That of Nice, the greatest of them all, has been in progress for more than a week and ends after this week-end. It is an institution of more than three score years' standing. I find people who cynically suggest that these are put on for the benefit of visitors, but that has never been my impression. The carnival tradition is observed throughout the country, often in places which receive few visitors from abroad. At St. Claude in the French Alps the medieval pastime of "devil chasing" is indulged in at carnival time, and at Dunkirk, Reuze Papa, who rides about in a Roman chariot, will rule for three days this week-end.

While on the subject of France there is a point about identity cards which I might mention. These *Cartes d'Identite d'Etrangers* must be obtained by those making a continuous stay of more than six months in France. The price of them has been increased from Frs. 260 to 400 for ordinary visitors and tourists, and from Frs. 65 to 100 for students and those following paid employment in France. There is, however, still no change for the *Carte de Tourisme* issued to ordinary visitors spending more than two but less than six months in France by the local French Consul before departure, or, failing this, immediately upon arrival by the Prefect of the French Département where the visitor is staying.

Holland.—Most of us think of Holland as the land of windmills and canals, but a relatively small number of visitors, at any rate during the holiday months, see more of these characteristics than are to be found in the immediate vicinity of the chief cities or on a railway journey through the country.

It is quite an easy matter—and not very expensive—to make a tour through the waterways in various craft, among them some very trim motor cruisers with quite good sleeping accommodation and other appointments, not forgetting baths. One itinerary, I notice, beginning at Dordrecht, takes in the fine old city of Utrecht on the old Rhine on the way to Amsterdam, thence to Haarlem, Leiden, The Hague, Delft, and Rotterdam. From some of these places there is time for excursions, to Landvoort and Scheveningen, for instance.

The Amazon.—I hear that bookings are remarkably good for the Amazon forest tours to which reference has been made in previous notes. It is certainly one of the outstanding travel features of these days, and it might be emphasised that there is an abundance of sightseeing. From the time the liner picks up the low palm-fringed coast line of Brazil, not long after King Neptune and his court have been aboard at the crossing of the Equator, the shore interests increase.

The course runs westward along the Brazilian coast, and Amazonia is entered by the river Pará, one of the mouths of the mighty river. The city of Pará lies 75 miles up the river, and the steamer spends a day or two in this remarkable place, which seems to belong to a different world. You may go by electric tram to the fringe of the jungle—in fact, the great park, the Bosque, is actual forest preserved in its natural state.

From Pará, the river journey of 1,000 miles is of unflagging interest, and at the end you have the best part of a week in Manáos, which lies a few miles up the Negro river from its junction with the Amazon. In this remote part the days ashore are spent in expeditions to waterfalls in the forest, and to native villages and plantations. All who make this tour feel the fascination of the Amazon which cannot be put into words.

"Dominion Monarch."—An important event in the travel world is the sailing from Southampton on Friday of this week of the Shaw Savill liner *Dominion Monarch*, 27,000 tons, on her maiden voyage, which inaugurates a new service to New Zealand via the Cape and Australia. While she was in dock at London many of us visited the new liner and she certainly exceeded the expectations of some of us. The accommodation, all one class, gives the traveller a remarkable amount of room, and the decoration is distinctive and pleasing. There is undoubtedly a demand for such a high standard of accommodation in the Australian trade, in which she will be the largest vessel regularly engaged. She is also the most powerful motor vessel, with a sea speed of 21½ knots. The journey to the Cape will occupy 13½ days, to Durban 15½, Fremantle 26, Melbourne 30, and New Zealand 35 days.

More than 100 South Africans will join her at the Cape for the voyage to New Zealand and back. She returns to Southampton at the end of March.

MEET THE HUATZIN: This rare bird of the Amazon is to be seen at Pará Zoo, Brazil, but outside that country it never seems to flourish for more than a few weeks. Zoological gardens throughout the world want live specimens, but so far have had poor success in keeping them

NOTES from NEAR AND FAR

Two Exhibitions that Will Aid North American Travel: The "Dominion Monarch's" Maiden Voyage Makes History

Cook's Handbook.—Very opportunely, at the time there was a break in the clouds over Europe, a familiar harbinger of spring, Cook's handbook, *Summer Holidays Abroad*, made its appearance, and came in with the rising tide of optimism. The 400 pages or so must represent thousands of tours, not all over different ground, of course, throughout the world, with the countries of Western Europe naturally most in evidence.

The agency always produces something new. This year they include Sola Strand and Voss in Norway, Molle in Sweden, Klampenborg in Denmark, Divonne-les-Bains in France, and Macolin and Brunig in Switzerland. Their rover ticket for excursions is an interesting innovation. The handbook may be had for the asking.

Beverley Brooke

THE PERPETUAL CHARM OF AMSTERDAM: Amsterdam has been described as a kind of cobweb of canals and islands. The above is a scene on the Amstelgracht, one of the four principal canals, the others being the Prinsengracht, the Keizersgracht, and the Heerengracht. There are about seventy lesser canals. On most of them the traveller finds fascinating barges, the many and varied features of which will engage his attention by the hour

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Gstaad.—The season goes on for some weeks longer. This week-end the national horse show and skijoring races are held there. Next month important ski-ing contests are in the programme. There is an excellent ski-school and its ski-ing fields range from practice slopes to those which demand all the skill of the expert. Six sleigh funiculars close to the village take you to the top of mountains in a few minutes.

Sicily.—We recommend the San Domenico Palace Hotel in Taormina. It is situated on a plateau sloping south in front of the sea shore. It was formerly a convent and there are splendid views and a very good garden. Room and pension cost from 92 to 105 lire per day. If this is more than you want to pay, try the Excelsior, not far away. Charges are from 61 to 68 lire a day.

St. Briac.—About 5 miles from Dinard—is a very picturesque little port with numerous beaches, and is much frequented by artists. The Britannia is a very comfortable hotel.

By Appointment to the late King George V.

SWAINE & ADENEY Ltd.

No. 7861.—**Pigskin Zipp Travelling Bag.** Flap with two position fastener. Bag lined suède, large three division purse, two passport pockets.

12 in. ... £3.3.0
14 in. ... £3.10.0

Postage and Packing Abroad extra

Complete Illustrated Catalogue on application

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Grand

NEWSAGENTS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

CENTENARY BALL

Royal Albert Hall Monday, 20TH March, 8 till 3

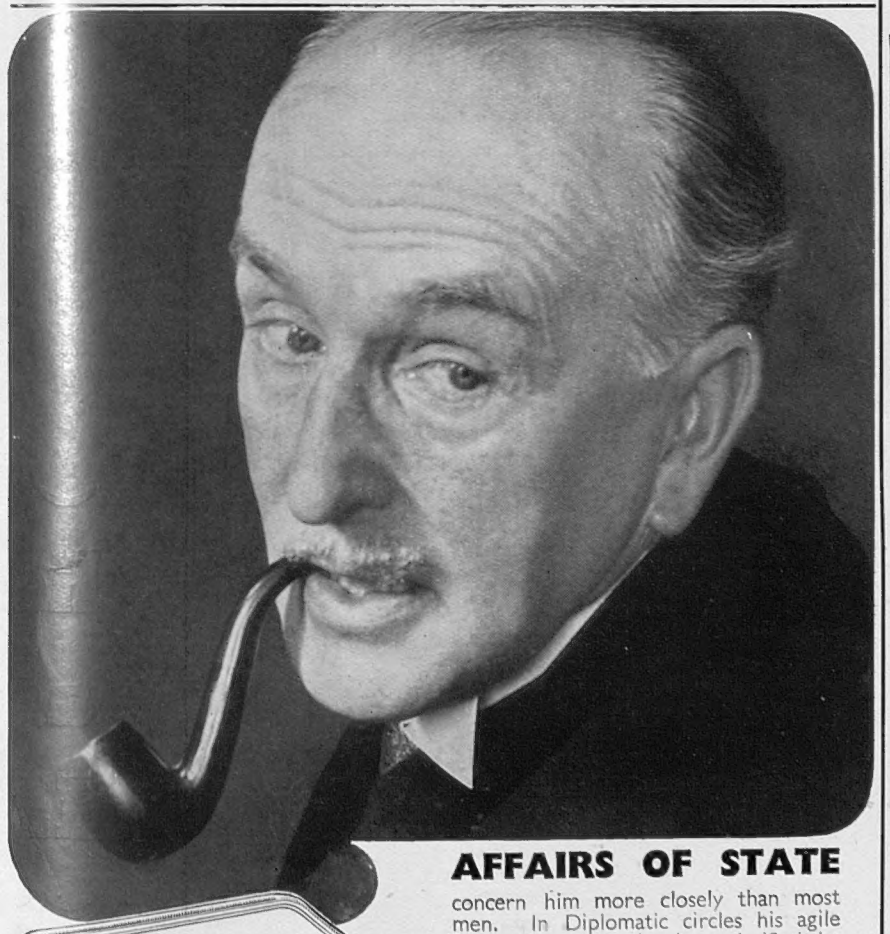
CABARET · DANCING

Billy Cotton's Band

TICKETS ONE GUINEA

(including Running Buffet)

from USUAL AGENCIES or
J. A. HART, 15-16, Farringdon Street, E.C.4



AFFAIRS OF STATE

concern him more closely than most men. In Diplomatic circles his agile brain and cool bearing have clarified the issue in many an international incident. Notice, too, how he habitually lights up a pipe of "No Name" when faced with a delicate situation. He shows his usual tact and fine perception in the choice of that dependable tobacco

2 ozs. 2/6
4 ozs. 5/-

"No Name" BROAD CUT is the same tobacco for those who prefer a broader cut. The prices are the same.

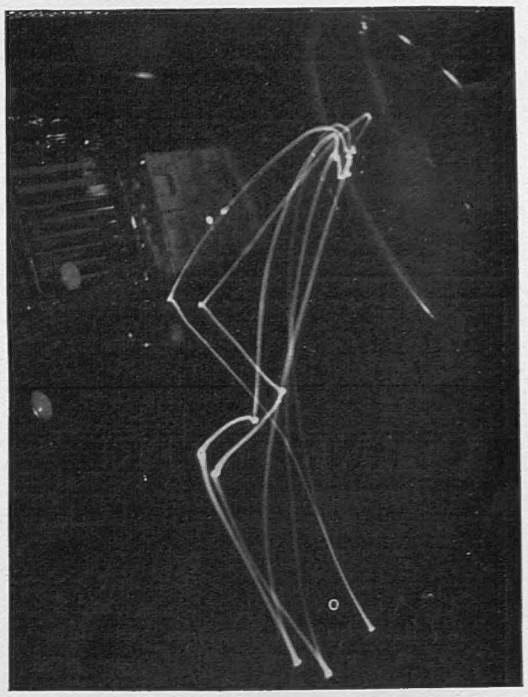
PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.N.N.56B

Let us explain . . .

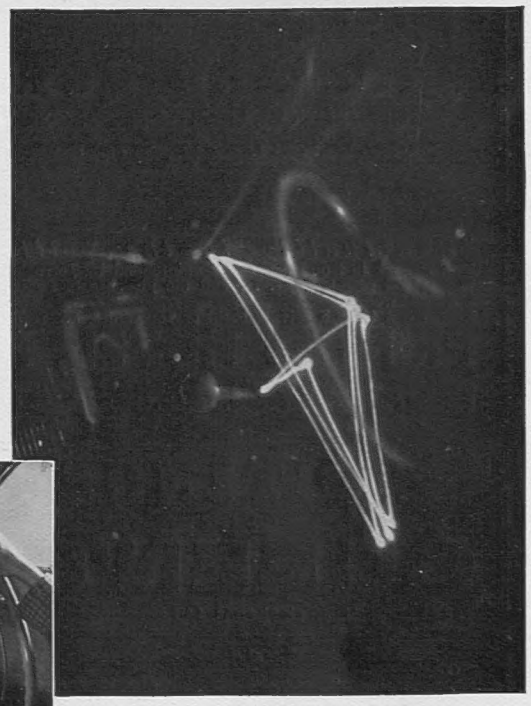
ORDINARY GEAR CHANGE

This shows the light track of the movement required when changing gear with the conventional type of control. Note the large area of travel, the distance from the Steering Wheel, and the different arcs through which the hand has to travel.



CHRYSLER STEERING COLUMN CONTROL

This illustration shows the operation of the new type steering Column Gear Control. All the movements of the hand are close to the Steering Wheel, and follow closely the same arc, no matter which gear is being used. Gear changing the new Chrysler style is effortless, quick, smooth and silent.



To obtain these extraordinary pictures, a small light was fixed to the driver's hand, the studio darkened and the plate exposed. In the dim light, the movement of the hand itself was invisible to the camera—and only the light was recorded.

Steering column gear control is only one of motoring's latest engineering developments which distinguish the new Chryslers. The 1939 features of these fine cars include Dual Power Transmission, New High Rigidity Frame, Safety Signal Speedometer and others too numerous to mention. May we suggest that personal inspection and trial will convince you of Chrysler's superiority? Your local Chrysler dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration.

Chrysler

Makers of distinguished motor cars

CHRYSLER MOTORS LTD. WORKS, KEW, SURREY

BRYAN HOUSE, Blackheath

2, SOUTH ROW, LONDON, S.E. 3. *Tel.: Lee Green 3016.*

A really Comfortable Private Hotel with all the amenities of home life. Large Garden. Free Laundry Room.

The Best of Everything . . .

in terms of horses, health, golf, scenery, sunshine, rest and comfort awaits you at

PALM COURT HOUSE HOTEL,
ANGMERING - - SUSSEX

Inclusive terms for residence and riding. Write for details. *Telephone: Rustington 323.*

BOSCOMBE 1234 ?

Is that Mr. James Millar speaking? His son? Oh, yes. Well, I am just ringing up from Glasgow to ask if I can have that same lovely room with balcony overlooking Bournemouth Bay. Similar one? Good! Reserve it from next week-end, please. It *will* be nice to get into a warm and sunny climate again. Perhaps you too would like to ring or write James Millar.

CHINE HOTEL BOSCOMBE BOURNEMOUTH

It's no Fairy Tale—

this Winter sunshine at the Tollard Royal. Here you can sunbathe 24 hours a day, if you will. For ultra-violet rays and ozone are permanently on tap—by a unique process—in our famous Solarium. So a Winter holiday at the Tollard Royal means all the delights of Bournemouth *with a watertight insurance against bad weather.* Come down and believe in fairy tales at

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

A first-class hotel with Licensed Bridge Club attached. Terms from 5½ gns. Details from Miss P. E. Woolcock.

"Punctuality is the politeness of Princes"

The remark is true (in a sense unintended by Jorrocks). For at Princes, Folkestone, they understand punctuality . . . and the pleasure of finding people and things ready when you want them.
Your room (with a private bath) or your suite, are ready for you now.

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

In the lee of the Leas. *85 minutes from Town.*
Popular cocktail bar. Squash, Tennis, etc., adjoining. Lift. Softened Water. *Telephone: 2666.*

HASTINGS
The
QUEEN'S
Telephone: 201

Leading and Best
Sea Front — Solarium
Dîner Dansant — Saturdays
From 15/- daily

Comfort

with quiet luxury is the keynote of the service at Hans Crescent Hotel—one of the best that London can offer. Ideal for long or short visits. Centrally situated, facing Harrods and adjacent to Hyde Park, it is handy for the theatres and shopping. Receptions and Private Dance Parties (Sprung Dance Floor) specially catered for. Brochure on request.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL
Knightsbridge, S.W.1
Telephone: Sloane 3421.
Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.

. . . and still THE RED HOUSE

the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards, or a rubber of bridge.

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

Resident proprietors will gladly send you particulars. Private Suites available on first and ground floors. One minute from the station. *Telephone: 2271/2.*

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY HOTEL
Nr. LYNTON
ON NORTH DEVON'S WESTERN COAST LINE

The grounds, a natural bird-sanctuary, are a delight to the eye, the private golf course is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are exceptionally moderate. Why not Winter with us? Write for an illustrated brochure or telephone Lynton 24

For Comfort in a Perfect Setting....

Here at the Fortfield Hotel, standing in its own grounds, in the sheltered charm of Sidmouth, the needs of the visitor are anticipated. Here, too, you will find amidst pleasing surroundings, with all modern conveniences, well-appointed Public Rooms, Central Heating, Passenger Lifts, Self-contained Suites, also Bedrooms with private Bath. Fully Licensed. Lock-up Garages.

Write Resident Manager: E. G. RUSSELL for Brochure (S).

FORTFIELD HOTEL, *Sidmouth, S. Devon*

Facing South and Overlooking the Sea

Telegrams: FORTFIELD, SIDMOUTH. *Telephone:* SIDMOUTH 39

In Quest of

The By-pass Has Done a Good Freeing Them from the

THE by-pass has its advantages and disadvantages. The more modern ones with their dual carriage-ways are almost proof against accident (going to sleep at the wheel, skids and front wheel tyre bursts excepted). They encourage speed and so aid in annihilating time and space, and best of all they have enabled many of our English villages to revert to that lovable characteristic, which can best be described in these days of noise as a sense of soothing sleepiness.

The little village of Findon, which nestles in the fold of the Sussex Downs, is an admirable example. Up till recently the rumble of the lorry and the roar of the speed car's exhaust penetrated every window of the narrow village street, but now all is tranquillity and the Findon Manor Hotel, which describes itself as the perfect country home hotel, shares in that peace—perfect peace.

And that brings me to the disadvantage of the by-pass. There is the danger that we shall be engulfed in this modern excitement for speed, and in consequence may overlook many a similar perfect country home hotel which lies, as a result of a by-pass, just off the beaten track.

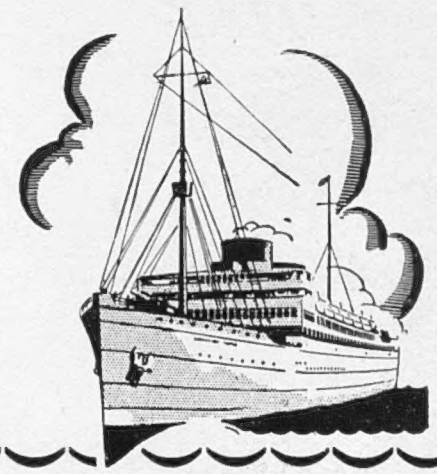
Yet these are the very places we are in need of, so remote and yet in reality so close to the amenities of life. Last week I deliberately turned off the by-pass to revisit and lunch at the Findon Manor Hotel. A long, low, creeper-clad building, it seemed more characteristically English than ever now that the traffic no longer passes its gates.

The only noise was a symphony concert given by the birds, whose platforms were amidst the shrubberies and trees which broke up the lawns and flower-beds of a typical English garden. The sun was shining, and even if it had not been it would have still been bright within. Broken-white walls and woodwork enhanced the comfort of the lounge and the carpets of the corridors and staircases; the coal fire was full of life, and there was that comforting feeling of warmth which only a well-built house can generate.

The cooking was as it should be in an English country village, excellently English, and it was refreshing to be free from the blare of a wireless set. So peaceful is the setting of Findon Manor to-day that it is difficult to believe that Worthing and the sea are but 4½ miles away, and thanks to the various by-passes from London the 44 miles to Findon can be covered in about an hour and a half.

I know few places which can be considered so much a centre for every form of recreation, and I have difficulty in recalling other places so gloriously tranquil.

Apart from the by-pass and the general widening of our roads which make for speed, there is a very real danger that we may forsake touring for travelling. A tour is "a ramble," a



£1:14:8 (CANADA £1 : 11 : 5) **sends The SPHERE overseas for SIX MONTHS**

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE SPHERE every week—full of news and exciting pictures of home. For the modest sum above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. Just write to The Publisher, THE SPHERE, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Turn to Many English Villages, Traffic's Noisome Roar

tourist a sight-seeing traveller; but to travel is "to journey," or a more apt definition in tune with modern times is "to move."

Let us revert to rambling, and desert the by-pass and other speedways for the by-road. Let us explore and experience the joys of places off the beaten track. On the day I visited Findon I retraced my steps to London leisurely and lickerishly through Sleepy Hollow, Smock Alley, noted a sign point to Sproutes, reluctantly touched Horsham, but as quickly as possible ambled along through Rusper, Newdigate, on to Leigh, Betchworth, and across the main Reigate-Dorking Road to Pebble Common, Headley and Epsom. Even then I crept along by a devious route to Wimbledon Common, comparatively free from robots and "Roberts"!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

I am already beginning to get inquiries as regards touring in Scotland, and at quite a number of them ask for general information about hotels between Edinburgh and Inverness, here are a number of places, all of which I can recommend from personal experience:—Edinburgh, New Carlton Hotel; Perth, Royal George Hotel; Dunkeld, Birnham Hotel; Pitlochry, Atholl Palace Hotel; Blair Atholl, Atholl Arms; Kingussie, Duke of Gordon's Hotel; Aviemore, Aviemore Hotel.

M.C., Bridlington, is making inquiries for an hotel within, say, 20 miles of Bath. Here are three which provide a variety of choice—the Manor Guest House at Warminster, run by Captain Slaney; the Limpley Stoke Hotel, 5 miles from Bath, proprietor, Mr. A. C. Bird; the Brocken End Hotel, just outside Bath.

W.R.F., Helensburgh.—The Isle of Wight is delightful at any time of the year, and it is a pity more people do not realise it. At Ventnor I would recommend the Royal, a Trust House, or for a smaller private hotel, which is very well run, Ventnor Towers. There is an excellent hotel at Shanklin with years of goodwill behind it, Shanklin Towers, whilst one of the best known hotels on the island is the Totland Bay Hotel.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny Park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

GERMANY.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest htl. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. fr. RM.9. Patr. by English society. Open in winter too.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Arosa.—Valsana Sporthotel.—First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon." Dancing. Inclusive terms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run & Strela Skilift. Rooms fm. S. Frs. 7. Full board fm. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer, Man.

Grindelwald.—The Bear.—The Gay Sports and Social Centre. Your Headquarters. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Htl. Alpina. Skiers' Paradise. First class fam. hotel. Won. sitn. Incl. terms from Fr. 14. E. Burri, Prop.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Winter Sports. Topping band. Terms 13–17 frs.

Klosters-Parsenn (Switzerland).—The Sport Hotel Silvretta.—For charm, atmosphere and good company.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lenzerheide (Grisons) Grand Hotel Kurhaus. 1st. cl. 200 beds. Leading English fam. hotel. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

Lenzerheide—(Grisons) 5,000 ft.—**The Schweizerhof.** Trad. Eng. House. Cen. of sports & soc. life. Season Dec.-March. F. Brenn, Man. prop.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.
Host of the Elite.
Season till end of March.

St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. quiet central position, lake view. Pen. S. frs. 16. Attached: Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

Wengen.—The Palace.—"The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18.
F. Borter, Propr.

Zermatt for all Winter Sports.
Hotel Victoria (160 beds).
Inclusive terms from Frs. 15.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Ideal in winter. Restaurant. Famous bar. Covered tennis court. Golf.

THE GARDEN HOTEL
Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

LINCOMBE HALL TORQUAY

The Ideal Hotel for Winter Comfort

South aspect . . . beautiful grounds . . . away from noise yet near town centre. Central heating and modern appointments throughout. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath.

INCLUSIVE WINTER TERMS FROM 3½ GNS.

Write for brochure direct or consult Ashley Courtenay, 68, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

HEALTH IS EVERYTHING!

Health is everything. Whatever your work, whatever your pleasure, health must come first. Here in the Derbyshire hills health comes smiling to those who seek it; while if you desire just recreation or a rest there are concerts, golf, tennis (all free), and the pleasure of living in company where the daily average of visitors is over 200.

SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. Terms (13/- to 18/-) a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST HYDRO

England's only Five-star Hydro

A picked position for winter residence . . . hard by the Royal Hall and Royal Baths.
Everything at the Cairn for recreation of mind and body.
Skilled hydropathic and electric treatments in our modern Baths.
Special diets and a five-star cuisine.
Music daily. Bridge nightly. Frequent dances. Hard tennis courts in grounds. Golf 5 minutes away.

THE CAIRN HARROGATE

Five-star in all but price

more than a name....

Behind the name "Highland Queen" lies the substance of our own Distilleries and the exceptional capacity of our large Bonded Warehouses. This proprietorship of the sources of supply ensures that this famous Blend is always of absolute uniformity and quality .... "Highland Queen" is *more than a name.*

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

PRODUCT OF THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS IN SCOTLAND.

MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD.

LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW & LONDON

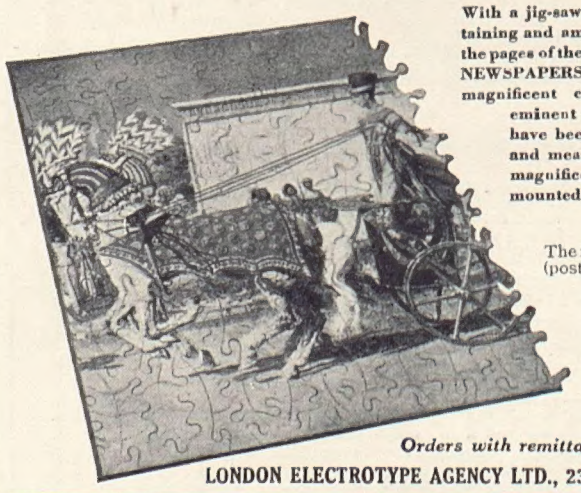
When you go to

PARIS or BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées. **BERLIN:** 32 Kurfürstendamm

There's nothing like a— JIG-SAW PUZZLE!



With a jig-saw in the house you have an entertaining and amusing companion always. From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects have been reprinted as jig-saw puzzles, and measure 16 ins. by 12 ins. They are magnificently printed and permanently mounted on plywood cut interlocking.

SUBJECTS AVAILABLE

The following subjects—Price 3/6 each (postage abroad 2/6 extra) are now available:—*A Present from Cæsar* by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *Nefertiti*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *Cleopatra*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *References*, by Charles E. Brock. *A Christmas Incident in a Surrey Farmhouse*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

Orders with remittance should be sent to:

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD., 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*February* 18, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.